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Events of the Week.

PEACE is signed with Germany, and in London, as in Paris, the people rejoice that the strains and dangers of the war are over. But how many men are there who really suppose that the dull and unimpressive ceremony of Saturday at Versailles is in truth the starting of a happier age? Reasonable men among the Allies know that the Treaty is as incapable of being fulfilled as it is of being justified, and even our Jingoes express the same thing in their own way when they declare their conviction that the enemy will not be bound by the Treaty. Many of the Allied delegates must have signed with the unhappy consciousness, finely if cautiously expressed in General Smuts' declaration of faith, that the Treaty gives effect neither to Christian morality nor to the political ideals which our national leaders proclaimed throughout the war. There must have been others who signed this deplorable Treaty, as he did, solely because it was imperative to "close the two chapters of war and armistice." The only notable song of triumph is, so far, the speech which M. Clemenceau delivered to the Chamber on Monday. In his references to his own memories as a young man of 1871, he gave the clue to the spirit in which he conceived this peace of the *revanche*.

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WE have not before us the full account of Mr. Lloyd George's speech in recommending the Treaty to the House of Commons, but the line of his defensive argument seems singularly unconvincing. "Terrible," he said, were the deeds which "justified" its terms. What is this but the sophist's way of commanding the doing of injustice to your neighbor because he has done injustice to you? Such an argument would excuse any kind of retaliation—such as answering rape by rape. The only honorable defence of the Treaty is that it is just in itself, irrespective of the conduct which preceded it. A little later on Mr. George declared that the German Army, which had taken "two centuries to perfect"—how many centuries went to "perfect" the British Navy?—was now incapable of disturbing the peace of the feeblest of her neighbors. In other words, it is incapable of defending Germany against the feeblest of her neighbors. Why, under a

peace of justice, should the feeble Power be more powerfully armed, relatively to her strength, than the strong one? The Kaiser was to be tried (apparently to make a London holiday) by "a tribunal gathered from the lands he had set out to intimidate." So you secure a "just" trial by placing the offender before a jury of the people he has just injured, which is a defence of lynch law, but of nothing of which law and equity are cognisant. There is, of course, a real and a powerful case against Germany. The misfortune is that its presentation should be in such hands as Mr. George's.

* * *

THE outlines of the Treaty with the Allies to be signed by Poland are now known. On paper they seem to provide full guarantees for the rights of the Germans, the Jews, and other racial minorities in Poland. They are promised the unrestricted use of their own languages, the control of their own schools, and the right to a share for these schools of any public educational grant. For the observation of these undertakings Poland is made responsible to the League of Nations, and an international commission will watch over their execution. Jewish opinion regrets, however, that the Jews were not given separate voting rights in a *curia* of their own, on the plan followed in Austria and India for minorities.

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THE fact is that the Poles gerrymandered the constituencies, with the result that the Jews were able to return only a fraction of the members to whom they are numerically entitled. It is fair to point out, however, that the party divisions of the Jews themselves and the abstention of the Socialist "Bund" from the elections are also to blame for that result. Paper rights have been secured, but their value will be slight, so long as the leading Polish party (the National Democrats) daily preaches boycott and persecution. Even more serious than the pogroms, against which the London Jews protested in a day of fasting last week, is the exclusion in practice of the Jews from employment both in factories and in the Civil Service. No paper charter of rights will touch that evil. This Treaty is an admission by the Powers that they realize something of the plight of the Jews in Poland. They will be inexcusable if they extend Polish territory needlessly, east of the Bug, over non-Polish regions which have an immense Jewish population.

John is the sole English protestant so don't worry

THOUGH the text is withheld as yet, it is now known that Mr. Wilson for America and Mr. Lloyd George for Great Britain have signed a Treaty of Alliance with France. It is, of course (like all alliances), strictly defensive, and provides only for the case of an unprovoked aggression by Germany on France. Even so it is a flagrant breach of some of Mr. Wilson's most emphatic declarations. Not once, but thrice, did he fulminate against any alliance, covenant, or understanding within the "common family" of the League of Nations, and the most emphatic of these declarations was made no later than his visit to Manchester in December. We are prepared to find that the text of the Treaty makes it seem verbally consistent with the Covenant of the League. But the Covenant itself pledges every member of the

League to protect every other against all aggression. To single out one member above all others for this special guarantee, is to weaken the general guarantee, till it becomes almost worthless. Again, if only two Powers give this guarantee, the rest may plead that they are under no special obligation. The "common family" is divided in two ways. The Alliance is aimed directly at Germany and only at her. Again, other Allies, e.g. Italy, are excluded from it, and already Italy is angry.

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SUCH coalitions are bound to work in the old way. They must concert their military measures by the old secret "conversations." They must in public preserve a common front. If, on any question before the League, they differ, they must compose their differences in secrecy, lest it should be said that the Alliance is breaking up. It will be morally difficult in the Council or the Assembly, for Britain or America, to avoid supporting France in every future question in dispute. In short, a "bloc" is formed within the League, and the members of that "bloc" are debarred from an unbiased attitude towards the rights or claims of other peoples, especially of Germany. Lastly, by this act of re-insurance France is made to feel so safe in every emergency that she may disregard every dictate of prudence or moderation in her dealings with the Germans. Fortunately we find it hard to believe that the American Senate will ratify this "entangling alliance," and the two treaties are apparently so drafted that our obligation is effective only if America also shoulders hers. The Covenant of the League is itself a pledge to defend not merely France but every member against aggression, not merely from Germany, but from any quarter. That guarantee ought to satisfy France.

* * *

ONE unhappy Ally refused to sign the Treaty on Saturday. After three distinct offers to sign, if they were allowed to enter a formal protest or reservation, the Chinese Delegates declined to put their names to the document. They have done well to take the only means open to them of protesting against what are, perhaps, the most cynical articles in a cynical treaty. Japan has followed a policy of unblushing Imperialism, and while she may plead that she learned that lesson from her Western Allies, the pupil has shown remarkable virtuosity. Everyone remembers the solemn assurances given by Japan, when she entered the war, that she had taken up arms only in order to restore to China what Germany unlawfully took from her. That promise she has quietly ignored, and under a secret pact with her, her Allies have allowed her to ignore it. Worse than that, she has exacted from China an immense list of economic concessions, which virtually reduce her to a Japanese sphere of influence. These were justified at the time as payment by China for the service which Japan rendered her in freeing Shantung from German occupation. In the end she has pocketed this extravagant payment, while keeping for herself the port of Kiaochow and all the onerous German economic privileges in the province of Shantung!

* * *

THE Western Allies come shamefully out of this transaction. They persuaded China to come into the war as an ally, against Japan's wish. It was represented to China that in this way she would gain a status at the Peace Conference, and secure their support for her just rights. She did what was asked of her. In particular, she declared war on the Germans, wound up all their businesses on her territory, and expelled all Germans

resident in China. This was of course a direct service to Allied commerce. German trade with China was torn up by the roots, and Germany's competitors, in particular ourselves, are thereby (on a short view) the gainers. China, however, has placed herself economically more than ever in our power. Her reward has been that when it came to the point at Paris, the whole Allied world backed the purely predatory demands of Japan. Even on the narrowest egoistical reasoning, one would like to inquire what we have gained by substituting Japanese ascendancy in China for Japanese-German competition? Morally, we have become accomplices in one of the most odious bits of Machiavellianism in all the dealings of West with East.

* * *

SUCH German utterances as have yet reached us are sober and prudent enough. Herr Hermann Müller announced after the ceremony that "we are signing without mental reservation and what we are signing we will carry out," adding, however, the hope that the Entente will itself alter some of the terms, when it realizes that they are impossible of execution. The new Premier, Herr Bauer, has also spoken in the same sense, and is endeavoring to dwell on the brighter side of things, by pointing out the gains even of an enforced and one-sided disarmament. The Government has suppressed the "Deutsche Tageszeitung" (a paper with a tiny circulation) for preaching the duty of revenge. It has also dismissed one of the most dangerous generals on the Polish front, who was preparing armed resistance. Even there the outlook is better than one might have expected. The workmen in West Prussia are opposing the Junker plans for a fight in the last ditch, and the local Germans are endeavoring to negotiate with the Poles for the concession of some form of Home Rule to West Prussia. That suggestion ought to be backed by the Allies in Warsaw.

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THE news this week of the internal condition of Germany has blazed with the wildest exaggerations. The story of the return of the Crown Prince was a mere canard, and though it is possible that some military leader may one day attempt a restoration, it is certain that public opinion is no more in love with monarchy than it was in November. The Crown Prince is hated, while the Kaiser excites a contempt faintly touched with pity. The real danger to the present uninspiring Coalition Government comes from the Left, and its tactics are probably rather to make itself formidable by a guerilla war of strikes than to attempt another armed rising. Apart from railway strikes in Prussia, Silesia, and Berlin, which seem to have been non-political, the most interesting event has been the popular rising in Hamburg. It started over the revelation of some specially disgusting scandals in the meat supply of the city, and though, after some rioting, the Workmen's Executive "Council of Twelve" took over the responsibility for order, they did not proclaim "the dictatorship of the proletariat," or announce a revolution. They defended themselves with arms successfully against the first of Noske's troops sent against them, and then "demoralized" a much larger body by passive resistance and persuasion. In the end we suppose there will be the usual bloody repression.

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THE Turkish Delegates who had been summoned to Paris to learn their fate, have been sent politely home again. The inference is that the Allies will not for many months be ready to dismember Turkey finally. Meanwhile, the experiment of bidding the Greeks descend on Smyrna and take what they could has ended

in disgrace. They penetrated too rashly into the interior, were driven back ingloriously by the Turks, and then celebrated their return to Smyrna by a massacre of prisoners under the eyes of the Allied commanders in the port. The tone of Mr. Cecil Harmsworth's confirmation of the accuracy of this news suggests that the Foreign Office is seriously angry. The fate of Turkey, and, indeed, of the whole East, is in the hands of statesmen who are as ignorant of all its problems as the plainest man in the street. They move surrounded by plausible minor allies—Greeks, Roumanians, and the rest, and are at the mercy of any prompting from these quarters. The record of the Greeks, from the old Cretan risings down to the Balkan war of 1913, is in no way cleaner of the trail of atrocities than that of any other Eastern people. Smyrna is, indeed, predominantly a Christian city, but the Hinterland is as decidedly Turkish. We are now warned what to expect if we authorize further attempts at conquest. Greece is not strong enough to pursue a policy of military adventure on the mainland with safety to herself. Not only shall we have to protect her against the Turks, but also to deal with the resentment of her rival, Italy. No ideal course is open to us in Turkey. But, speaking generally, we prefer control to conquest.

* * *

THE ferment of mind through which Labor strives in all countries to express the ideas that have been quickened and made universal by the war was seen at the Southport Conference of the Labor Party. Controversy was not absent, and on questions like "direct action" there were almost fierce differences between sections of the delegates. But, taking the proceedings as a whole, it is doubtful if at any previous conference of the party there has been less noisy disputation. The majority showed an earnest desire to find common ground for united action wherever possible. The resolution pledging the party to associate itself with the industrial unions in pressing for nationalization of the coal mines was one expression of this spirit. The discussions indicated that differences on the question of reviving the International have virtually disappeared. But perhaps the great feature of the Conference was the sinking of domestic matters in the absorbing question of international relations and of "direct action" on them. The vote on the Russian revolution did not surprise those who have been in close touch with industrial opinion in the North and Midlands. It reflects an accumulation of unrest and irritation which will bring serious trouble both for the Government and the Labor Party itself if the Russian expeditions go on.

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CERTAINLY the most extraordinary incident of the Conference was the stopping of two of the French fraternal delegates, MM. Longuet and Frossard, at Folkestone, and the equally arbitrary interrogation to which M. Renaudel and M. Jouhaux were subjected by the police in London before being allowed to proceed. Questioned on this matter in the House of Commons, Mr. Shortt declared that the action was taken on representations by an unnamed "authority which it was impossible to disregard." It is now alleged that this authority was no other than the new special department at Scotland Yard, formerly the War Office M.I.5, familiarly known as the "Spy Department," acting on the strength of information obtained by its agents abroad, apparently from the columns of *L'Action Française*, the notorious reactionary and monarchist journal which acquired its celebrity in the *affaire Malvy*.

If these are the true facts, it is obviously necessary that there should be the fullest public investigation into the activities of Sir Basil Thomson and his associates of the Special Branch. If such unutterably silly panic measures as those of last week are repeated, not only will serious international complications ensue, but the workers of this country will be goaded into action which is presumably of the kind least desired by the persons who have been set to spy upon British Labor at the public expense. It is reported that Mr. Churchill as well as Mr. Shortt had a hand in this, as in other activities of the "Spy Department," whereas Mr. George and the War Cabinet knew nothing of it. We hope the few free members still left in the House of Commons will back up the efforts of Labor to have the question of M. Longuet and his colleagues thoroughly investigated, and that they will push their inquiries so as to lay bare the activities of the "Special Branch." Organized espionage is bad enough in any case. It is worst of all when, as in the present case, it appears to be directed by panic-mongers.

MR. MONTAGU'S India Bill has gone to a joint committee of both Houses, after a second reading debate in the Commons and merely formal proceedings in the Lords. In proposing the acceptance of the joint committee plan, Lord Curzon made a curious apology, in which he regretfully admitted that events had carried India far beyond the stage with which he as Viceroy had to deal. More important was his unqualified statement upon the Government's pledge of August, 1917, as to the progressive establishment of responsible self-government in India. That, said Lord Curzon, was a deliberate and historic pronouncement. Nothing could be allowed in the way of minimizing or evading it. The committee consists of seven members of each House. It would have been better to choose a chairman with large and direct knowledge of the Indian system; but clearly an ex-Viceroy is inadmissible, and Lord Selborne has had experience of the South African constitution. We note with satisfaction that in each half of the joint committee only one thorough reactionary has a place. Public hearings are to be held; the committee is to consider alternatives to the project of dual government in the provinces, and the report stage is to be reached before the end of the session.

* * *

ON the 1st of July the United States went legally dry, under the special law which covers the period of mobilization. The predictions as to widespread rioting, defiance, and labor rebellion were strikingly falsified. The No-beer-no-work agitation collapsed, and although wild scenes in the auctioning of liquor were recorded, the great cities did not indulge in the unlimited orgiastic celebration for which preparations had been elaborately made. The principal hotels have quietly closed their bars, and the general public is doing what those who know America expected it to do: it accepts the situation and is prepared to obey the federal law. Prohibition, however, is not absolute. The Department of Justice has modified its attitude, and is permitting the continued manufacture and sale of light wines and beer, with a percentage of alcohol up to 2.75, pending judicial decisions as to their non-intoxicating character. Mr. Elihu Root, counsel for the brewers, advises the trade that, since the Act contains no definition, the manufacture of 2.75—now familiarly known as Root beer—is legal. But hitherto both the Revenue authorities and the Department of Justice have taken one-half of one per cent. as the rule. The next step will probably be a final victory for the Drys on the definition,

Politics and Affairs.

A WORD TO GERMANY.

THE Treaty is signed, and the havoc of the great war is over. The little ones, fit offspring of such a parent, remain. But over a great part of Western and Central Europe, young men have ceased to slay each other by the thousand a day for what they know not, and no tongue can tell; and if the survivors, and the children of those survivors, be wise, they need never lift the sword again. And if the evil of physical war is abated, some spiritual benefits, provided they can be reaped and garnered, remain. Gone is the hierarchy which sanctified and prolonged the reign of force. Save for the unfree part of our own Commonwealth, the very name of Empire has disappeared from the earth. In another fifty years the word King may have followed it. Four military Empires are no more; all but one of the great centralized military commands have come to nought. Not Imperialism only but the cult of Imperialism has ceased to be. The world can still have war for money and markets, war for nationalism, war for private ambition, and a French statesman has just proclaimed the righteousness of war for revenge. War proclaimed in the name of God, by Kaiser or by Tsar, has been abolished.

How much better are we off? Not a whit, says the cynic. The Treaty is the old diplomacy, only bungled. The Europe that has disappeared was at least a manageable proposition, and peace could be kept in it by reference to the goodwill of half-a-dozen men, or to their prudential fears. For the Continent which the Entente and the Central Powers ruled between them the Peace has substituted a confusion of races and tongues, which no man can rule. Ideal justice did not govern the old Europe; neither does it sway the new. Force and the rule of the sword remain, only the force has been freshly and badly redistributed, and the sword put into the hands of a Power whose ambition has twice been the scourge of Europe. Some of the fiercest, least controllable, and least educated races have been given a power of disturbance they have never had before. More than one of these small nations arrives on the stage less by its own power and volition than by the will and act of the Allies and to serve their military and political ends. Thus France has made Poland stronger than she ought to be and can be, not for love of her, but for hatred and fear of Germany. Russia suffers from a graver injustice still. Millions of Russians must go on starving and dying because the form of democracy they have chosen is unpleasing to its new trustees. The old world governors were at least consistent. So long as they could live and grow, that part of the world which was firmly stabilised could grow too. But the little men who now run Europe reck as little of policy as of principle. They have sold peoples, and broken up their natural attachments of kinship and custom, as freely as the Congressmen of Vienna, yet without the general moderation and fairness of aim which marked the much smaller misappropriations of 1815. Compared with them Castlereagh was a Liberal and Metternich a friend of nationalities. But at least the men of Vienna had before them the semi-religious conception of an established social order and a prudent regard for a reasonable balance of State powers. They had beaten France, but they abstained from ruining her, and they speedily admitted her to their counsels, and in reconstructing Europe took care to allot her a fair share of power and

opportunity. The men of Versailles are neither men of policy nor men of faith. They have ruined a world in sheer incompetence, without an idea of how to fashion it anew.

Does such a judgment give anything like a true account of the Treaty of Versailles, or of the Treaty, supplemented by a League of Nations, which is little more than the executive force of the Allies? As a purely intellectual verdict, we think it does. There lies on the Treaty the savor of evil done in the name of good, and that in itself is a heavy condemnation. By every high word its authors have evoked is the moral currency debased, and man's power of clear thought and honest action weakened. For that signal obliquity, every member of the Council of Four is to blame, and must answer to his conscience and that of the world. If Versailles had been a meeting of upright men, Mr. Wilson would never have allowed it to promise one thing in his name, and to do another, to lure the Germans into a peace that was all along to be withheld from them, and then, through the blockade, take the means of ensuring that that peace should never come. If Mr. George had taken either a strong or a straightforward course, he would not have allowed his country to reap a rich harvest of provinces and trade properties at a rival's expense. And if any of the Four had played a straight game, they would have declined to swindle China—their helpless and betrayed Ally—out of Shantung. For this British and American faithlessness has done all the essential harm that appears in the Treaty. It loosed Italian Imperialism and the competitive greed of Greeks and Slavs, and made France look to herself, and put revenge and fear into every line of the instrument that she could control.

It is this fundamental dishonesty of the Treaty which will be its undoing, for it ensures the dissent of the democracy. We doubt whether a single workman's newspaper from Glasgow to San Francisco can be quoted in its favor. We are certain that if it were put to a vote in any representative Socialist or co-operative organization, in Europe or America or Australia, it would be "turned down" by an overwhelming majority. What right of hearing do its contrivers claim for it? The Labor Conference of Southport has been reproached for its threat of "direct action." No kind of popular "action," direct or indirect, was called for at any stage of its negotiation. No Parliament has ever seen it, save only that of one of the conquered peoples. But any statesman of feeling or imagination would have realized that this was not a people's Treaty. God knows, the mass of men and women are ignorant enough; and the devil has taken care that they should be abundantly misled. But the notion of the "soundness" of the "people's heart" is true, if only for the reason that the people do not know enough of the world to be utterly sophisticated by it. They could not have drawn a document in clauses and sections. But in the rough they could have said what they wanted, and we believe that their solution of the war, if they had ever been asked for it, would have given society the kind of peace of which it stood most in need. They would have said: "The Germans made the war, and waged it with cruelty, and the Germans must suffer. They must pay and pay heavily. But we want nothing cruel, and nothing grossly selfish." The makers of the Treaty might have fostered some such resort to the higher average of humanity. It is the thought of men who will soon be governing Europe.

The Treaty, therefore, stands unendorsed by the only signature that could have honored it. Germany is as conscious as we are that the blank exists. She will use her knowledge, not only of the unworkability of the

Treaty, but of its immorality, and of her power of appeal to men of conscience in Europe, and to the spirit of European democracy. Force will be tried against her, as it is being tried against Russia. But the end of the great war marks the exhaustion of the reign of force, and when Mr. George and M. Clemenceau and Signor Nitti discover that they have no force left for anything but self-preservation, the coercion of Germany will cease. There is, therefore, no need for her to talk of vengeance. There will soon be little to avenge. If it is not possible to conceive of Europe inflicting the ruin which this Treaty visits on her most industrious people, and escaping it herself, Germany will be restored to hope and thence to a measure of prosperous living, not by the generosity of her conquerors but by their necessity. The work of conciliation, of redeeming Europe from the trade-mark of hell on her face, might have been begun by her present governors. Unless a man of genius makes a totally unexpected arrival amongst them, it will be wrought by their successors. For if we still believe a little in the present League of Nations, and a little more in the possibility of its amendment, we believe most of all in the people's power to amend it. That power must be exercised by them, not in explosive sentiment, not in a vague internationalism, but by unremitting pressure upon their national Governments.

WHERE NO PEACE IS.

For the broad masses of the Allied populations the work of peace-making was finished with the scene in the Hall of Mirrors. The diplomats, the experts and the financial interests know better. In what once was Austria-Hungary, the Russian Borderland and Turkey there is wider field for fencing and surveying, and the margin between various types of settlement is wider than it was in our dealings with Germany. It would be easy to fill a whole page of this review with a mere enumeration of the various questions which have still to be settled in Paris. In one respect the statesmen will have a freer hand. The shadow of their General Elections will no longer haunt them when they draw the Eastern frontier of Poland or decide the future of Constantinople; they need not fear to be "just to those to whom they do not wish to be just." On the other hand the heritage of the Secret Treaties stands far more obviously in the way of fair settlement on the Adriatic shores and in Turkey than it did in Germany. Broadly speaking, the main issue in Europe turns on the adoption or rejection of that simple principle which M. Clemenceau, seven months ago, publicly took as his guide at the Conference—the policy of alliances. The success of French diplomacy has been due, we imagine, mainly to the simplicity and clarity of this conception. It is, as M. Clemenceau boasted, an old idea, as old as militarism itself, and there is nothing startling about it, unless it be the anachronism of imposing it on Europe as the foundation on which the League of Nations must be erected.

Meanwhile French policy is engaged in re-insuring itself four times over. First it reduces Germany to economic and military impotence. Then against the disarmed foe it creates a new Triple Alliance. Thirdly, it assents, somewhat sceptically, to a League of Nations. Fourthly, it surrounds Germany with a belt of minor Allies, who are to serve as so many wardens of her gates, so many barriers against her expansion. All will possess

considerable conscript armies. Each of these armies is already under a French military mission. Each State is aggrandized in territory and population as widely as possible. In defiance of nationality, their frontiers are so arranged that they will form a continuous strategical unit. Poland, which must in any event have started with large alien minorities of Germans and Jews, is to be expanded in the East at the expense of White Russians, Ukrainians, and probably also of Lithuanians, with several additional millions of Jews among them. The Tchechs are to hold down three-and-a-half million Germans, to unite the apparently reluctant, or at least divided, Slovaks in their State, and then to embrace in the East an Ukrainian (Ruthenian) area, in order to gain military connection with Roumania. Roumania, in her turn, receives a slice of Ukrainian country (that unhappy race is to be divided as the Poles once were between three neighbors), swallows some purely Magyar country, takes her share of the mixed Banat, and probably (though this is uncertain) more than her due part of the largely Bulgarian Dobrudja.

Not one of these States has the faintest conception of tolerance or conciliation towards minorities, and the still continuing racial wars in which they are engaged, especially in Galicia, have evolved a barbarism in bloodshed which equals the worst Balkan records. Two of the three, Poland and Roumania, made a speciality of persecuting Jews, and these same two are faced also with agrarian questions which their present ruling class is never likely to settle. Even from a purely military standpoint, we can imagine no more fatuous policy. The German race, however much it may be disarmed, is in the long run too strong not to resent in some effective way the creation of this irredenta in Poland and Bohemia. The Jews react against their oppressors by lending their intelligence to develop revolutionary Socialism among the discontented strata of the ruling race itself. These dwarf Empires, in short, will not be stable or coherent creations, and they may turn out to be even more "ramshackle" than the Hapsburg Monarchy. Politically, even one of the three is enough to wreck the peace of Central Europe.

The prospect is no brighter when we move down to the Adriatic and the Balkan Peninsula. Mr. Wilson, defeated everywhere else, has specialized on the minor task of forcing the Italians to refrain from gross injustice to the Jugo-Slavs. He has given his assent, however, to one of the most disgraceful items of the Secret Treaties, the annexation of the German South Tyrol to Italy. The Albanians, the most friendless yet by no means the least sympathetic race of the Balkans, are in danger of being eaten up by Serbs, Italians, and Greeks in competition. The Bulgarians, wronged and committed to a policy of *revanche* by the Bucharest Treaty of 1913, seem likely to be robbed even of some of the territory which they still retained after that iniquitous settlement. For our part, we do not believe that even now the Bulgarian population of Central and Western Macedonia will acquiesce permanently in Serbian rule, which had been up till the outbreak of this war a model of harshness. Serbia, which has at last realized her dream of a unified race, can well afford to lose this little corner of territory inhabited by a non-Serbian people. Greece, not content with the prospect of expansion in the Turkish mainland, is claiming (1) Albanian country in North Epirus; (2) mixed country in Western Thrace assigned to Bulgaria in 1913; and (3) Eastern Thrace, if not Constantinople itself, which also was, in 1913, assigned to Bulgaria, though the Turks were allowed to recover it.

Politically, the danger of allowing the Greeks to fulfil their largest ambitions at the expense of Albanians, Turks, and Bulgarians is obvious to anyone who watches Eastern intrigue. The Imperial rivalry of the future in this region lies between the Greeks and the Italians. If the Bulgarians are needlessly wronged, we have here the elements of an alliance which will plague the League of Nations in the future. For our part, we should be content to see the Peace Conference deal in a leisurely way with some of these more contentious problems. Albania, Central Macedonia, and Eastern Thrace have all been depopulated, ravaged, and starved by years of war and civil war. The best interim solution might be to place them all for a term of years under the League of Nations. Let Mr. Hoover feed them and rebuild them, and then, when passions are assuaged and fears calmed, let a plebiscite determine their ultimate destiny.

In the crossing of humanitarian, religious, and capitalistic motives Turkey presents, perhaps, the most complex problem of the whole settlement. It is a disinterested and humane impulse which insists that the Armenians shall once for all be liberated from Turkish misrule. We touch the primitive religious origins of all Eastern civilization in the restoration of the Jews to Palestine. We risk a conflict with the natural and proper self-respect of the whole Moslem world when, in effect, we settle for them the question of their Caliphate by making the King of the Hedjaz the guardian of the Holy Cities. Behind these cleaner motives of religion, nationality and humanity, there works the more modern capitalistic motive which carries us to Mesopotamia, the French to Syria, and the Italians to Adana. With a rather amusing *naïveté*, the European Allies, having assigned these very lucrative "mandates" to themselves, are kind enough to suggest that America may be philanthropist enough to assume the guardianship of the remnants of the Armenians in their poverty-stricken uplands. She would be a good guardian and we hope she will assume the task. But we should like to hear those who believe that the mandatory makes no profit from his mission, explaining why it is that we never think of offering Mesopotamia to America and taking Armenia ourselves.

For our part, we could wish that the difficulty of delimiting the Greek, Italian, and French spheres in Asia Minor and Syria might end in a decision to abandon the whole predatory scheme of partition. If Greece penetrates far into the Hinterland, she must assume a risk of military burden (she has already suffered one severe reverse), nor is Italy in a condition to assume large Imperial tasks overseas. Neither the Greeks of Turkey nor (outside a limited area) the Armenians are properly a colonizing people. Their function is rather to penetrate as traders among the Turkish rural population. In the long run we believe that a thorough-going scheme of fiscal and cultural autonomy for the Christian communities in Turkey would really serve their interests better than partition. The workings of Imperialism as it develops at present threaten to destroy the natural basis of civilization in this big area. The coast will be cut off from the interior. The Greeks will have a dangerous and undefensible province to hold. The Arabs will be divided within British, French, and independent zones. The Armenians will be a small minority in their area. The Turkish interior will vegetate, cut off from the brisker life of the coast, and robbed of the stimulating presence of Greeks and Armenians. The better solution would be, to our thinking, a period of European control and education for the

whole of Turkey, with cultural autonomy for its several races.

We have left to the last the problem which, in one sense, tests us most severely. For most of these races we may feel various degrees of pity, sympathy, and hopeful interest, but they are not yet on our own level of civilization. In German Austria we have to deal with our equals, and with a culture that may compare with any in the world. The fate prepared for it is at present by far the most pitiable of any in the whole settlement. No people outside of Russia has suffered so terribly from starvation and disease. None is so literally bankrupt and hopeless. Within the limits assigned to it it cannot live. One grows tired of asking by what right we refuse to apply the principle of self-determination to Austria's demand to unite with Germany, or to the claim of the German fringe of Bohemia and Moravia to join the mass of its race. No one disputes that as the capital of a little Alpine Republic of six millions, the great city of Vienna with its two millions must dwindle by starvation or emigration to a fourth of its present size. Politics, the French policy of alliances, may explain these infidelities to principle. But what is the explanation of the wildly predatory proposal in the Treaty that the new States of the late Dual Monarchy, are to have the right to appropriate without compensation all the private property of German Austrian citizens and companies in their areas? Imagine the United Kingdom broken up, and English property in Wales, Ireland, and Scotland treated on this principle. That Powers, who stand against Russia and Hungary for the sacred rights of property, should themselves make this condition is one of the oddest anomalies of this revolutionary age. Neither passion nor interest nor fear can excuse this harshness towards German Austria. In all Europe there is no more harmless and pacific community than the Republican Vienna of to-day. Not even our "Hang the Kaiser" fanatics will think the worse of Mr. Lloyd George if he acts towards Vienna with elementary humanity and even some late regard for principle.

THE DOMINION OF IRELAND.

THE state of Ireland makes for swift and sudden change. But never in all its history has change advanced so swiftly and suddenly as to-day. Six months ago all who opposed Irish self-government, and many of those who had formerly supported it, were united in the belief that there was no Irish question. Ireland was deemed to have finally forfeited all British sympathy by her refusal to accept Conscription for the European War. Internally, the population was supposed to be hopelessly divided between warring factions of Sinn Fein and Nationalist. And when Irish factions are fighting each other, England is satisfied. When the Sinn Feiners swept the constituencies and returned a Party determined not to come over to the British Parliament she was more satisfied still. For the one argument which had convinced any Unionist opinion of the impossibility of permanently refusing Home Rule was the impossibility otherwise of getting rid of the Irish members from Westminster. So that the *beau geste* of the Irish Republicans fell exceedingly flat.

It would have fallen flat at any time. For as Parnell realized and demonstrated it is only when Ireland is disturbing England that England wants to do anything for Ireland. When Ireland does not disturb the machinery of British government, Eng-

land convinces herself that Ireland is satisfied. But it fell flat especially when the world was in tumult, and empires and territories were falling like the fig-tree's untimely fruit. Silence and composure, a strong Government, prosperity and high prices, and plenty of British money for drainage and forests and houses would settle the Irish question for ever. Gradually the European commotion is dying down. The "Big Four" have departed each to its own place. And suddenly confronting them, disturbing now not the ragged edge of Europe amongst a dwindling people but all the theory of the new League of Nations and all the practical Government of America and the British Dominions—there is the Irish spectre again, implacable, unappeasable by neglect or soft words. It is no phantom dream of an idealist, but a solid firm reality, and until satisfied, a permanent disturber of the Peace of the World.

It is there. And as time has proved her impotence to slay it, and adversity and wealth seem equally suitable to its growth, and wars and war's rumors leave it alike unmoved, there appears now to be a general agreement that "something must be done." Whether that agreement would have been so general had it been merely a matter of giving self-government to a small nation set on it, may be a matter for conjecture. The average Tory mind works well in compartments. Checho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia may receive their national independence, and Poland split Prussia into two and extend a great arm towards Berlin, while Ireland—situate, as he would claim, at the very sea entrance of Britain—may go on being ruled by soldiers and as a conquered land. Only two things have effected a conversion. The one is the apprehension that for Britain to attempt to make any real position in the League of Nations with Ireland in a state of bludgeoned protest would be doomed to failure. Some ridicule has been cast upon the machinery of the League owing to the fact that any decision must be a decision come to unanimously by all but the affected parties. It is said that such a system makes any decision impossible. But there is one decision which would be come to unanimously by all the members of the League of Nations except the affected parties. That would be a decision to give self-government to Ireland. Gladstone gave the great challenge to the British people, when he attempted to overcome in a day the crime and foolishness of six centuries. In the famous peroration before the rejection of the first Home Rule Bill he invited his hearers to search throughout the civilized world for any nation which would approve of England's rule in Ireland, and he told them they would search in vain. That search would have exactly the same effect after thirty years of "resolute government" mitigated or aggravated by occasional doles.

And the second is the discovery made, one may hope, not too late, that the understanding with America in which is bound up all future progress and all hope of peace is doomed to shipwreck unless the Irish problem is solved and the Irish people satisfied. For long it was thought that this was merely a question of the political influence of the Irish politician beyond the Atlantic. It is now known to be something much larger. It is the demand of the American idealist beyond the Atlantic and the American idealist is the sound, hard business man who makes up the solid stuff of America. He has no belief in Britain's protestations of goodwill unaccompanied by action. He simply cannot understand Britain's fear of Ulster, as he has a score of Ulsters in his own United States. He cannot understand why Britain, like Pharaoh, even after plague upon plague, will not let the Irish people go. To-day it is the universal testimony alike from Liberal and Tory, Democrat and Republican,

that all Ireland stands between England and America, because all England stands between Ireland and the sun.

Only it is now quite clear that a settlement which would have been regarded as satisfying the claims of Ireland a generation or even a few years ago, would by no means prove a settlement to-day. And nothing but a settlement is any use at all. Between complete separation on the one hand and the rule of naked force on the other, there is more than one gradation. And some of those gradations were embodied in the various Home Rule Bills which have been presented to, or passed by, Parliament. Each represented a compromise. Each might have worked with goodwill on both sides. Each, without that goodwill, would have proved impossible. The present Home Rule Act lies in limbo, suspended between earth and heaven. It is no criticism of its promoters to say that it never can, and never should, become law. Had the Tories accepted it on its appearance, it might have healed the hurt of Ireland and made for a permanent peace. They fought it passionately for three years. They fought it with conspiracy and organized rebellion. They fought it so recklessly that they established a precedent in "extra Parliamentary action" destined to have far-reaching consequences on their own comfort and fortune. Many, now enlightened, might be glad to-day to wipe out that page of history and to "compromise" the Irish question on the Liberal Home Rule Act. To-day, the Irish question cannot be so "compromised." Those who were most deeply implicated in that conspiracy see most clearly the immediate need for a far more drastic revision. The proprietor of the chain of newspapers which were most vocal in support of the Ulster rebellion is to-day most active in supporting the "Dominion of Ireland."

And to the Dominion of Ireland, whether we like it or not, we have come. It is the only alternative to separation. Sir Horace Plunkett and his opinions have continually changed with the passing of the years. He has been a Unionist, a Federalist, a Devolutionist, a "Conventionalist," a Home Ruler. Undaunted by this advocacy of successive failures, he is to-day boldly entering the arena, and in the name of moderate opinion in Ireland advocates Dominion. The solution which saved Canada for the Empire nearly eighty years ago, and saved South Africa for the Empire scarcely more than ten years ago, is the only solution that can keep Ireland in any kind of sense within the Empire to-day. And it is the only solution which, within the boundaries of that nationality, can reconcile groups divided in sentiment and creed. No less divergence existed in these matters between Quebec and Ontario, or between Natal and the Transvaal than exists to-day between the Protestant part of Ulster and the rest of Ireland. But in these two great experiments, despite initial threats of revolution and resistance, with local self-government and inclusion within a national Assembly, these great new nations are developing in amity beyond the sea. Let this great old nation be given a chance to develop in amity nearer home.

Until a few years ago, the world-wide assertion was that England could not afford to allow Ireland her independent national life out of consideration for her own perilous military position. When we were quarrelling with France, Ireland was to be made an outpost for France. When we were quarrelling with Germany, Ireland was to be made an outpost for Germany. To-day, France is in alliance with us; Germany is destroyed. And Ireland must be satisfied if a real League of Nations is to prevent all future wars. We have publicly fallen back in the face of the world on a second line of defence, that we will gladly enact any settlement for Ireland on which all Irishmen are agreed.

Ulster might disagree with Dominion settlement even if given provincial autonomy with control of all its local interests, but given that local autonomy, it would find no sympathy in a protest in any corner of the world against inclusion in the larger Dominion of the people to which it belongs. Here, undoubtedly, would be a settlement approved by all friends of this country as well as those who distrust us, not only as the generous but as the right thing. Why should we not for once in Ireland, as elsewhere, do the right thing—ourselves?

AGAINST HAVING IT BOTH WAYS.

THERE are strong arguments in favor of the public ownership of the most vital industries and services; and there are against it arguments which, at the least, are not negligible. Between the two sets of arguments, the country and the Government have, in the case of certain particular industries, to make up their minds one way or the other. They may decide that the "personal initiative" which accompanies private enterprise is so valuable an asset that it must on no account be jeopardized by nationalization; they may decide that the motive of "public service," which national ownership will call into play is so important that it is worth while for its sake to risk a loss of initiative. Whichever way they were to decide between these two policies, the Government would find a certain amount of support behind them, and, as the complement to that support, a certain amount of opposition. What thought could be more natural for a Coalition Government than that it should seek to please everybody by combining the two policies into one—by nationalizing and at the same time not nationalizing, by preserving private initiative and at the same time superimposing State control?

This was the course which the Government originally tried to pursue in the Ways and Communications Bill. They tried to nationalize, and at the same time not to nationalize, by providing for public control for the present, with the possibility of nationalization in the future. There can be little doubt that, but for the happenings of the last week, they would have proposed a solution of the mining difficulty closely resembling that which they proposed in the case of transport.

But the last week has considerably changed the position. The Sankey Report, with its clear advocacy of national ownership, has given the vested interests a bad shock; and through their subservient Parliament—really far more subservient to "big business" than to Mr. George's Government—they have at once brought pressure to bear. They are prepared, up to a point, as the coalowners' own report shows, to play the same game as the Government, and to combine private ownership with a certain, very limited, amount of State control. But they insist upon giving to this hybrid policy an orientation to the right instead of to the left, upon making it not a step in the direction of nationalization, but, as one member expressed it, a further line of trenches barring the way to nationalization.

The present battle between the Government and its refractory business supporters, in the first encounter of

which the Government has suffered instant defeat and taken precipitately to flight without firing a shot, is a battle not between the two rival principles of public and private ownership and control, but between two ways of blending the two. The original Government transport scheme was, say, 5x Government control *plus* 5x private control; the scheme as modified under business pressure, is 8x private control *plus* 2x Government control. But the real fact which the public has to bear in mind is that the whole policy of blending the two forms of control is wrong, and that, in trying to combine private and public enterprise in a single industry or service, it is almost certain that the best points of both will be sacrificed, and the *maximum* inefficiency result.

War-time experience certainly contributes to this conclusion. The effect of Government control without ownership, inevitable as it may be under the special conditions of war-time, is a vast duplication of administrative machinery, a deadening uniformity of rules and regulations, a constant strain and friction between the public and the private controller. This system may, in an emergency, "deliver the goods"; but it will do so only if all considerations of economy are thrown to the winds. Under normal conditions, it is not likely to "deliver the goods" at all.

Moreover, the dual control by the State and the employer is the most certain way of provoking and maintaining labor trouble. The workman, when he has a grievance, finds himself perpetually referred by the employers to the Government, and by the Government to the employers. His temper deteriorates, and no consideration of public service is introduced to restrain him from trying to secure all he can. In war-time, the resulting friction may be kept within bounds from motives of patriotism; under normal conditions, it is safe to prophesy disaster from it. We have to realize nowadays that the first condition of industrial efficiency is a diffusion of the motive of service among the workers by hand and brain; but this will not be secured by a hybrid system which applies the maximum of irritation to every body concerned.

In short, the Government must make up its mind either to nationalize the railways and the coal mines, or definitely to follow the American example, and give private enterprise in them a fresh lease of life. If it does neither, the system which it sets up will have in it no element of permanence or efficiency; if it is not broken by direct industrial action to-morrow, it will break down of itself the day after. It will satisfy neither Capitalism nor Labor; if it is accepted at all, it will be taken only as a makeshift, and "big business" on the one hand will continue to press for the removal of control, while Labor on the other hand continues its campaign for nationalization. To adjourn the decision is merely to postpone indefinitely the beginning of industrial reconstruction; for until we know on what principle we are to work, we can do nothing. Moreover, the last words against the compromise are, first, that it will be in itself fundamentally inefficient, and, secondly, that it will ensure the hostility of the workers, without whose co-operation neither mines nor railways can be conducted with any hope that the public will be well or continuously served. Our present pass is but another lesson in the futility of Government by Coalition.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

I.—THE LOST LEADER.

RHODE ISLAND, June.

"THE one-time idol of democracy stands discredited and condemned." Thus speaks the voice of American idealism. Its stern judgment of Mr. Wilson's policies and personality is widely echoed. The "New Republic" and the "Dial," and as many organs of Socialism as Mr. Burleson lets filter through the mails, join the New York "Nation" in renouncing Mr. Wilson and his works. For once in a way the finding of the intellectuals, enforced with knowledge and skill and widely quoted in

the popular journals, broadens out into something like a popular verdict. I suppose the twenty-two newspapers of Mr. Scripps enjoy a limited subscription in Europe. In America and in the important middle-West, the pacemaker of Continental politics, they count for something, and their sudden conversion from support to criticism is a sign which other waiters on time and tide may mark and follow. The great democratic journals remain faithful. But the coldness of their assent to what has been done (or undone) in Paris throws into strong relief the fires of the Republican Press. There the note,

originally cautious, grows more and more hostile. Confident of a victory in 1920, Republican criticism gives free rein to its discontent with the President's administrative habits. It condemns his cavalier treatment of Congress. It censures the chill, sequestered life he is thought to live. It is resolved to put limits to Presidential dictatorship.

THE FAILURE TO "MAKE GOOD."

Most of all is it disposed to visit on him the full measure of his failure to "make good." Mr. Wilson is judged by a good deal of America to be bringing home from Paris neither a sound business cargo nor an argosy of moral treasure. The idealists looked for the second; as the "New Republic" puts it, they hoped and they lost. The politicians make their book after a different fashion. It is all very well for the President, they say, to preach national conciliation now, and to play on such world-hopes as still gather round the spectre of his League. But he must expect to pay the usual price for his last year's losing plumper on the Democratic ticket. So the Republicans decline to allow Mr. Wilson to whip back from a moral eminence to a safe party position. The League, they hold, is not a guarantee of peace at all. In any case it is not the sort of guarantee on which America ought to enter. And unfortunately for Mr. Wilson he is closing his career with the liberal victory unwon. "What has he done?" said an able and unfriendly critic to me, "but leave the barons of the south and the bosses of the north more firmly gripped to our necks than ever?" Thus Liberalism joins Standpattism; and for the moment Southern Bourbonism seems the only force still solidly aligned for the President.

FROM PROPHET TO POLITICIAN.

Nevertheless a kind of Wilsonism still lives on, as trees live after a blight. Mr. Wilson is still the ablest American politician, and the dealer in short-range politics declines to strike him from the account. So Wilson stock runs up and down, like the thermometer in Washington. And this it will do so long as a section of Republican moderates, led by Mr. Taft, and the able President of Harvard, insist that the Wilson policies, tattered and bullet-riddled as they are, hold the field. These men contend that America is in the settlement, and that neither morally nor politically, can she get out. With them, in a rare movement of independent action, stand the commercial bankers. The bankers have opened their Mission of Rescue and Hope for Europe—subject to the usual discounts—with considerable *éclat*. Their chief spokesman has been Mr. Frank Vanderlip, a man of great wealth and high standing, not without a tincture of the liberalism that the financial world of America affects. For the new type of American banker is serious, and differs widely in personal habit and outlook from the hard-living stock of gamblers that preceded him. Mr. Vanderlip, Mr. Davison and Mr. Lamont want to stabilize Europe, more or less on its existing basis. They would eliminate Bolshevism; they might even favor a forcible or semi-forcible effort to cut away the noxious growth at its root in revolutionary Russia. But they clearly contemplate a settlement of Central Europe, financially restored, and joined afresh to the great American cash nexus. Here, therefore, is a serious meeting-ground of unideal Wilsonism. I doubt whether the Republican answer has been thought out. Republicanism still wants a policy, no less than a mass figure, a centre of conviction and activity. It may find the second in the very doubtful attraction of General Wood's personality. The first and the third are still to seek.

THE TREATY IN AMERICAN EYES.

Meanwhile the Treaty passes under a critical review which gradually broadens into lines of justice and humanity. There is bitterness about the war, and the tang of American criticism is sharp. But much of its criticism is neither hard nor selfish. Who shall blame America if she scents danger to the Republic in Article 10, contempt of her feelings in the despoilment of China, and no little shame to her in the annexation of the Saar, the alienation of five million Germans from their homeland, and the French idea of an indefinite subjection and exploitation of Central Europe? These things—with a French guarantee on the top of them!—are not in the American conception of politics. They make America think that Europe is no place for her. They send her back to the prudent vision of the fathers of her State, whose counsels have been as a pillar of fire to her march. This is the grand demerit of the Treaty in American eyes, far more than its deviation from the Fourteen Points. They, I grieve to say, are already a somewhat blurred palimpsest, and political America does not read palimpsests. The moral attraction of the war, its aspect of disinterestedness, is gone. It has brought America profits and ships (far exceeding the tonnage she lost) and a grand boost for her world-trade. But now that the moral "call" seems over, it is natural that the political risk of intervention in Europe—and such a Europe!—should appeal to her. The organization of her State and Federal life is vast and complicated; its problems swarm in on her. Europe may be no farther away from New York than is California. But then Europe is not at the Capitol. And California is.

THE RISE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

Thus no true force of public opinion, idealist or anti-idealistic, stands behind the Treaty of Versailles. Nor can one see such a Black Book of European incantations passing an assembly like the Senate without erasure or emendation. Why should it? Mr. Wilson's enemies are in control there. The fate of the Treaty rests not with Mr. Underwood and his Democrats, but with Mr. Lodge and his Republicans. Tactically, at least, the Republican party is reunited, and heading straight for power. It has got Congress, and it expects to get the Presidency. Mr. Lodge, its leader in the Senate, and its most accomplished Parliamentary figure, is not indeed a national leader. In opinion, and in a certain *hauteur* of personal bearing, he is as near our English definition of a Whig as an American statesman can well be. But he has given a certain entertainment to the Progressive wing, which, with some reserves, has become a re-embodied unit of the party. Its leaders, men like Mr. Hiram Johnson, Mr. McCormick, Mr. LaFollette, represent very different types and attitudes to affairs. Mr. LaFollette is, I suppose, the nearest living equivalent of Henry George. He has suffered heavily for the idealism which makes him an unshinking critic of war, and his growing power as a public man (he was a famous orator of Chautauqua) is still under eclipse. But he counts, and more conspicuously still does Mr. Johnson. Should Standpattism again dominate the party, the Progressives might hive off, and Mr. Johnson become their candidate for the Presidency, attracting to his standard the independent groups which begin to hover and swarm on the borderland of American politics. And there is Mr. Penrose, of Philadelphia. Mr. Penrose is a prince of bosses, who has risen by a close study of ward politics to an unpleasing eminence in Republican counsels. If Mr. Penrose runs the Convention, the Progressives, it is safe to say, will not be there. But for the moment the tendency

is to fusion. The whole country feels the force of the intellectuals' unsparing exposure of the evils of the Treaty, set in black shadow against its promised good. Their criticism has shaken the Democratic party. When Mr. Wilson seemed to have hitched his wagon to a star, he kept his party leadership, and added to it an incalculable force of enthusiasm. Now that he has packed away his star in the wagon, he has discomfited even those who knew his difficulties and made allowance for them. The failure of Versailles has lowered the moral temperature for millions, and created a low, feverish swamp for scepticism to dwell in. It has also made a Republican victory one of the reasonable certainties of American politics.

THE TREATY AND THE SENATE.

The fate of the Treaty stands on a somewhat different footing. It depends on a two-thirds vote of the Senate. That can only be made certain by detaching 17 votes from Mr. Lodge's following, and transferring them to a solid Democratic vote. I doubt whether there exist more than seven such detachable members. For the Senate's ground of quarrel with Mr. Wilson runs pretty broad and deep. Jefferson thought that the tyranny of Congress would develop first in the evolution of American government, but that the tyranny of the Executive would come next. And though American Liberalism dislikes the Senate, thinks it reactionary, undistinguished, and even intellectually negligible, remote from the things that young America cares about, it stands in the front of the parliamentary movement against autocracy at the White House. To a British visitor, with the House of Lords in his mind, this child of property and State rights wears an easy family air. The little pages in shirt sleeves, lining up in front of the dais for prayers, and darting thence on some mission of comfort and aid to sweating Senators in "palm-breath" suits, seemed to typify an agreeable *sans gène*. In any case, the Senate's share of the Treaty-making power is a cherished part of the Constitution. The President, says the Constitution, "shall have power, with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make Treaties." Does that mean that the President alone shall "have power" over the shaping process, and that the Senate must confine itself to a revision, or even to a bare assent or rejection, of the completed document? So think some high authorities. On the other hand Mr. LaFollette quoted to me against this limiting theory Alexander Hamilton's judgment that it would be "utterly unsafe and improper" to entrust the President with the "entire power" of Treaty-making and devising. At least, say his critics, he owed the Senate reasonable access to his mind and policy; otherwise how could he either get its "advice" or ensure its "consent"? Save for one chill, uncommunicative dinner party (which a leading Republican Progressive, Mr. Borah, refused to attend) he is deemed to have withheld from it all real knowledge of the palaver of Paris. Senators are human; they think they have sat on Mr. Wilson's door-step long enough.

* See Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" (Macmillan), Vol. I., p. 107.

"It is in the discretion of the President whether he will communicate current negotiations to it and take its advice upon them, or will say nothing till he lays a completed treaty before it. One or other course is from time to time followed, according to the nature of the case, or the degree of friendliness existing between the President and the majority of the Senate. But in general, the President's best policy is to keep the leaders of the Senatorial majority, and in particular the Committee on Foreign Relations, informed of the progress of any pending negotiation. He thus feels the pulse of the Senate, which, like other assemblies, has a collective self-esteem leading it to strive for all the information and power it can secure, and while keeping it in good humor, can foresee what kind of arrangement it can be induced to sanction." This is precisely the attitude which the President is charged with having forsaken.

THE IRISH AND THE GUARANTEE.

That is not all. Behind the Senate lie some of the controlling forces of American politics. For a variety of reasons, the negro vote will probably go Republican. The war has been a grand ferment of nationality, and the excitable negro has not escaped it. He is dissatisfied and resentful of such acts as Mr. Wilson's formal segregation of the colored staff at Washington. The Irishmen are in like case. They have strong Democratic attachments. But just now this subtle, energetic clan are passionately stirred in their home-memories. To them the Treaty is nothing save so far as it advances or retards the cause of Irish liberties. They see in it a tacit denial of the Irish right of self-determination. A worse offence is the implicit alliance it sets up with Great Britain. Shall British policy acquire a fresh foothold in America? Never! Michael Davitt lobbied Congress to stop the first Anglo-American Treaty of Arbitration. The Irish American will do that and more to kill the Treaty of Paris. He even objects to America joining Britain in a bi-lateral guarantee of French interests. A uni-lateral guarantee of France by America he would accept. But so long as the Anglo-Irish quarrel endures, every step to an Anglo-American partnership will be across his body.

WILL AMERICA REJECT?

If in spite of these hostile influences the rejection of the Treaty is improbable, that will not be because America loves the work of European bureaucrats. Rather will she feel that she cannot honorably loose herself from a world entanglement. Rejection may well seem to her business-men—and America *is* business—like a crowning of chaos. The war has left her richer and stronger than ever. It dazzles the European eye merely to emerge from the stint and semi-darkness of London into the blaze and lavish splendor of Fifth Avenue. But for all her air of youthful power, with its magnificent freedom from care, America has her burden, too. In a sense, the war has developed the old Puritan strain of intolerance. It has illiberalized a people who think of liberty, not as a loosening of the human mind so much as a means of keeping the mighty mass of its citizenship in step. Congress and the Press, and the average man whom these two forces reflect, look increasingly askance at minorities, Radicals (=Bolsheviks), the revolutionary temper, any deviation from the grand standard and pattern of America's life. She fears the foreign immigrant most, for he offers the widest variant of all. When indignant Czechs meet ruffled Italians on the door-steps of Senators, and Polish crowds, encountering Jewish processions, do not scruple to break them up, it may seem wise to close for a time the long-open door, or at least to keep strict vigil on the wicket-gate. Thus the American mind, which plays over a great surface with much rapidity and less depth, tends to draw in on itself. Is not "Americanism" good enough? What is the matter with the cabbage-patch?

This is America's first reaction from the "unapplied idealism" of the President. The blame is his; he raised the torch and let it drop, scared by his great purpose, or turned from it before the world had had time to realize its promised boon. But it does not, in my view, imply a final attitude. For the world is still in the making, and a revised Treaty, the establishment of a universal League of Nations, the rise of a new industrial order (and all these things are likely to come), may well convince her afresh that her life and that of Europe are essentially one.

H. W. M.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE saddest thought about the Treaty is to imagine what it might have been, and the kind of instrument which its makers have missed. Because they would never see or hear the Germans (as Mr. Wilson, to do him justice, proposed that they should), they never knew how much the Germans were ready to do in atonement for their evil policy and conduct of the war. A friend who was recently in Germany and saw most of her men of leading, assured me that, without an exception, they had abandoned the diplomatic case, and surrendered to nine-tenths of the French and Belgian indictment of the devastation done by their armies. The facts, of course, were trumpet-tongued. The wholesale and systematic theft of French household goods, the destruction of the French mines, the wrecking and looting of the Belgian iron and steel works (all done deliberately, under professorial guidance, and with the object of giving German industry a flying start in after-war trade), are on record, with a thousand witnesses as to details. But at last Germany knew the truth, and if she did not we could have organized personally conducted tours of their pastors and professors to show them the mess they had made. If in that hour we had said "There is your work. You must sign a peace of full reparation, and carry it out," we should have had a national consent to an act of atonement. German workmen, German money, German stores would have flowed into France and Belgium. The peace might still have been hard, and its execution must have entailed a long and continuous sacrifice. But it would then have been a reconciling act.

THE expectation here seems to be that the Treaty will pass the American Senate, and all will be well. It may; but political America must have changed indeed if it also lets through the French treaty of guarantees. For this instrument, instead of fulfilling the Wilson policies, negates them all. The League, in Mr. Wilson's view of it, superseded the "entangling Alliance," and was therefore an act of liberation for America, no less than for Europe. But here is a new entanglement, which in its turn supersedes the League. Either the League is good, in which case the French Treaty is superfluous; or it is bad, and being condemned on its own merits, makes this new contract of Mr. Wilson's a thoroughly dangerous, un-American thing, as well as a vital breach of his pledge that within the circle of the League there should be no special alliances and covenants. When I was in the States, faith in the League was a good deal shaken, and people were harking back to pure Americanism. Now both League and Treaty will be assailed; and Mr. Wilson's denial of knowledge to the Senate must have a still sharper recoil.

THE Government's path grows daily more encumbered. Three grand obstacles appear. The first is Ireland. Mr. George has no policy, while two forces drive his party violently asunder. Sir Edward Carson is out to stop a Nationalist settlement, and, if possible, to destroy the Government before it has time to proclaim one. Lord Northcliffe is equally bent on forcing the issue. His mind is inconstancy itself, and he has made the "Times" a Home Rule organ before the ink is dry on its conscriptionist articles. But the American pressure is urgent, and Mr. George may be forced to go on, without Ulster and against her. Then there is temperance. The Election was made by a brewer, and the hand of the trade is

seen in the relaxation of one restriction after another on the sale of liquor, and the raising of the specific gravity of beer. Bad beer at twopence a pint!—floods of beer—if only the workmen can be stopped from going "Bolshevist"! King Alcohol resumes his reign in the hour when our great—our only—industrial rival goes bone-dry. I foresee a great revolt, moral and political, against this new domination of the trade. And I see a greater movement still, if Mr. George, anxious to move from his embarrassing Right Wing to his once flouted Left, is nevertheless forced into line with the reaction, and accepts mere capitalist solutions of all the great problems of reconstruction. Our nimble Prime Minister serves many masters, but, unlike Mr. Churchill, he is not equally prepared to execute all the orders he may receive from any of them.

I SEE some pertinent comment in a contemporary on the advertisement of our Victory Loan, as compared with the very different way they do things in America. They do indeed. Our chief effort is to turn our greatest public square into the likeness of a tawdry booth at a country fair. In New York (I happened to be there), the business of commanding the Victory Loan was put into the hands of a leading banker. By him the city was organized as a vast mart for the sale of subscriptions. Whatever you did, wherever you moved, you were under Uncle Sam's eye, and could not escape its appeal. It blazed from every likely bit of wall-space, every piece of moving machinery in the great kaleidoscope of New York street life. The devices were simple enough: "Be a Yank," "See it through," "Finish the Job," "They gave their lives: You lend your dollars," and above all the plain injunction, ineluctable as wind and air, "INVEST!" Soldiers and sailors harangued you from automobiles. Canvassers approached you, pencils and forms in hand. At night, moving electric signs spelt out scroll on scroll of invitation. That was all very well, but the procedure of the Loan Committees went far beyond any effort at "suggestion" that British people would tolerate. In many instances they turned the voluntary appeal to patriotism into a forced levy. Thus, I heard of a Chairman of a Democratic State Convention who, having been assessed at a certain figure, and having replied that he would rather name his own contribution, was inscribed as a "yellow ticket," and finally forced to pay the quota prescribed by the Loan Committee. A Congressman was put down for an amount which absorbed his income, and he was forced to appeal to his father to help him out.

As I am speaking of America, let me express what must be in the mind of many a returned traveller from that hospitable land. That is that it is time to pay something more than a mental tribute to the regal entertainment that America gives to any Englishman in whom her citizens take a friendly interest. One hears much, too much, of the anti-English sentiment of the States. I saw little enough of it. But if it exists, it is merely snowed under the overflowing mass of personal kindness. In their goodness of heart, Americans are apt to disparage their truly magnificent treatment of the stranger. The stranger himself will allow no such depreciation. What he can do is to change, if he can, the miserable defect of his own countrymen. He can contrast the open door of the American club with the sealed entrance of our own temples of Piccadilly and Pall Mall, and shame our barbarous usage by telling the tale of his own club life in America. There, indeed, he must, perchance, stop. The idea and the practice of personal service have gone so much further with the average American than with us that no comparison is possible.

BUT then how can we make a real approach to America when people like Mr. Bonar Law stand at the door to stop it? Imagine what must be the mind of a Minister about America who can meet a reproach of his failure to fill the vacancy at Washington with the remark that he would be glad if his critic could suggest a suitable candidate. One would say offhand that if only we had the right kind of Ambassador at Washington, we might safely leave half our existing Embassies vacant for a twelvemonth. We have such a man in Mr. Fisher. Without Lord Bryce's wide knowledge of the American people and system, he is the sort of Ambassador whom America likes and respects. But no; Britain has no mind on the subject; any gentleman with an idea on it can drop a letter at 11 (or is it 10?) Downing Street. Or we can settle the matter by a competition in the "Funny Wonder." In the end, I suppose, we shall send a third-rate aristocrat—or newspaper proprietor. This kind of slap-dashery comes to the surface every now and then, and shows the thing it is; but how much is concealed?

SIR JOHN BRUNNER was one of the Conscript Fathers of Liberalism, and he aimed at being, and in some degree was, a leader of its medium thought. At least, his mighty firm was, under his guidance, a pioneer of the eight-hour day. As Chairman of the National Liberal Federation, he kept Liberalism, as he understood it, firm on Home Rule, peace, and disarmament. The war smashed these ideals of the progressive middle-class Liberal. Sir John did a good deal of hard, honest spade-work at them, and his personality, downright and genial, if a little testy, counted for something in the evolution and even in the advance of party policy. Certainly he was no hard-shell capitalist. He had a social and a political conscience. One of his ventures made him the butt of an amusing quip of Mr. Cunningham Graham. Sir John was an original proprietor of the "Star," and it was Mr. Graham's habit, in days of militant Socialism, to speak of him as the "Star-spangled Brunner."

AMERICAN wit does not spare the President. At a gathering of Liberals, a strong plea was put up for him on account of his stand against the Italian claim to Fiume. "Did you say Fiume?" was the retort. "Fiume was the bubble where he disappeared."

I SUPPOSE we ought to have a Thanksgiving Day. But what are we going to thank God for? That we are not as other men are—even as these Huns?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE COMEDY OF IDEALS.

THE pain we feel at collapsed idealism is half-healed by the wholesome laughter that accompanies the revelation. If it is another whose spiritual bubble is pricked there is some malice mixed with the humor. But when it is oneself whose fine pretensions and illusions are exposed, a sense of embarrassment and of self-ridicule is testimony to a fundamental honesty. Though there still may linger a desire to appear to others a little better than we know we are (a not unamiable, perhaps an elevating, desire) the preference for self-knowledge remains the crucial test of intellectual and moral sanity. An organized and sustained process of self-deception as to aims and motives is the deadliest of poisons for the soul and intellect.

During the war this has been our gravest peril.

Trading upon some incidental and dramatic features of the opening of the struggle, the idealists in this and other countries wove a beautiful banner on which was inscribed in glowing phrases "the Meaning of the War"—how it was fought in the defence of small nationalities and public right in order to end war. Then when this banner was a little torn and dust-stained, owing to "the secret treaties" and other moral emergencies forced upon us by the wickedness of the enemy, there came those ennobling messages of the great Transatlantic idealist, how that we were fighting for a peace of justice without violence, in order to make the world a fit dwelling-place for the holy spirit of democracy. This great American uplift revived our fading idealism and gave an even larger and brighter meaning to the war.

This idealism did its work. It swept our war clean from all taint of interests, released it from the repressive chill of mere defensiveness, and furnished the moral glow needed to kindle the fighting spirit in our peoples. Nor did that exhaust its war-utility. Its most conspicuous triumph lay in sapping the moral resistance of the enemy.

Here was the unforgettable service of Mr. Wilson. He came from a country with no axe to grind, no game to play, crowned with high sentiments and reeking with disinterestedness, came with the gesture of the savior of humanity. America was the first-fruit of the democratic spirit, the wars and tyrannies and intrigues of a traditional Europe were anathema to her. Hitherto her policy had been to stand aloof. But the poignant needs of a war-ridden and distracted world called on her to break this isolation. The world could not rest permanently half-slave, half-free. America was now strong enough in her material and moral resources to be generous. She would bring the healing word and the healing deed.

It took a little time for the statesmen of the Entente to recognize the war-use of this American idealism which so far outshone their own humble efforts. Then they rose gallantly to the occasion and "took it on." Our intentions were just as honorable as Mr. Wilson's: his peace sentiments were ours. We endorsed his famous Fourteen Points, with a small exception expressly calculated to mark the sincerity of our adoption. Then we got Mr. Wilson to wave his peace-flag, so as to show the German people what a good peace could be got if they would force surrender on their militarists, and take on the forms of constitutional democracy.

The great, half-conscious *ruse de guerre* came off. The German people, who would hardly have credited the idealism of France or Britain, rose to the American bait. No one can doubt that the absoluteness of their surrender to an Armistice stamped with every mark of ignominy for them was procured by faith in the principles which Mr. Wilson formulated and the Allies adopted. Who, after this success, can question the efficacy of principles and ideals?

But there is an economy of their use, as of all other war-resources. When the Armistice was in operation, the enemy disarmed, the Allies in a position to impose their terms, ideals were no longer wanted. They had done their work. Then began the nicer play of the Comedy. For their Transatlantic maker came across to Paris with a strange notion that there was an obligation to make the actual Peace Terms square with his ideals. He seemed unwilling to recognize that their fruits had already been garnered, and that real conquerors dictating a peace, albeit one of Junkers, would find them in the way. "Self-determination," yes, of course. But then, you see, there are the Secret Treaties. Besides, as you yourself lay down, there must be "access to the sea" which must in certain cases modify and even supersede the more general principle. Nationality is certainly to be respected, but the respect must not be carried to a superstitious length, so as to override every historic right or strategical consideration. Reparation, which you admit, may also appear to encroach on strict rights of self-determination, when it is expressed in concrete terms of coal, iron, or oil. Moreover, the procedure of self-determination may vary with circumstances. The democratic instrument of the plebiscite is not always

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applicable, for the result might not turn out satisfactory. Moreover, when it is applicable, you must not raise meticulous objections to the voting and the counting taking place under the supervision of the Allies, a course comparable to the advice of your Mr. Dooley when on a similar occasion he enjoined: "Let everybody vote who likes, but keep the counting in your hands." But a Democrat of Southern origin surely needs no such reminder.

By such pressure, filing, clipping, and re-moulding, the ideals were disposed of one by one in the process of their application. It took a good deal of delicate manipulation. For an idealist who has served as a New Jersey politician is less purely transcendental than others. He has an eye to business. But this turned out not wholly disadvantageous. For it helped the Allied statesmen to make Mr. Wilson "see sense," and to reward him they presented him with a working model of the great new Toy, the League of Nations, which he thought he had invented. It is true that the working model will not work. But what of that? The Peace Treaty will not bring peace. So the idealist who complains of the defects of the Peace is told that they can all be cured by the League and goes away contented. The ideals for which it is admitted a place could not be found in the Terms of Peace are all, it is suggested, comfortably housed within the League. Are they? Can we find in this oligarchy of the great victorious Governments the all-embracing union of free peoples? Does it secure general disarmament? Does it provide impartial courts of settlement? Does it obtain for all nations equality of economic opportunities? Are weak and backward peoples safe under the trusteeship of a Mandatory Power? What can our idealist reply? None of these just and equitable principles are really in this Covenant. He cannot find them. He has been tricked out of all the substance of his ideals in the League, as in the Peace Terms, and left with the empty shell. The realists have bested him once more. Will he see it? No. He will persuade himself that any League is a partial embodiment of the ideal, that its faults are venial and transitory, that, when it comes into operation, some self-rectifying and self-elevating process will set in.

So we need not look too closely to the present structure of the League, or to the attribution of its powers, or to the present purposes which may inspire its members. The future, but never the present, belongs to the idealist. Conscious that his patterns are laid up in heaven, he allows them to be ousted from all earthly projects. It might not matter if he kept aloof from practical affairs, and merely held up the banner for others to follow or not as they chose. It is not ideals that are ridiculous or impotent. It is the idealist who comes to grips with realists, hopes to quell their interests and passions with his principles of justice and righteousness, and goes away pretending, or even believing, he has done so, when the ordinary man or woman sees his failure. Must the political idealist always perform this star part in the human comedy?

LOVE AND THE LAW.

WRITING ON "Man and Wife" some months ago, we said that in the highest regions of human thought and feeling the law is as much out of place as a plumber at an internal operation. The law does all very well for patching up the ordinary breaches in society. In spite of its delays and expense, it enables the old concern to run along, if once it can be got to work: just as a plumber, if once he can be got to work, does sometimes succeed in making the waterpipes run, in spite of delays and expense. But in a case of living tissues, we make a mistake if we send for the plumber, and when it is a question of the heart and brain—so inexplicable, so incalculable, so various—it is only in the madness of despair that we turn to the ignorant and heavy-handed plumbing of the law.

Of all the vital tissues in human existence, love and marriage are the most delicate, the most inexplicable, incalculable, and various. We need no proof of it. From the beginning of history love and marriage have been a theme of tragedies, comedies, and tales in nearly

every land, and the strange thing is that they have increasingly become the theme. A negro will sing about his cow or his mother rather than about love. In Homer and the Greek tragedians love plays a part, but usually a subordinate part. In our days it is rare that a great drama or story is entirely destitute of "love interest." Look at the covers of the cheap books upon our book-stalls; nearly every cover represents lovers longing to kiss, or waiting to kiss, or kissing. Even our best and most original novelists nearly always choose some "sex relationship" as their principle theme. The subject seems to absorb them. They can hardly think of anything else; and apparently most readers are best pleased when they do not think of anything else. To many the thing becomes a bore.

Consider how the subject has developed during the last fifty years, from the time when writers considered they had well fulfilled their part if at the end of the third volume they sounded the Wedding March and joined in harmony with the Voice that breathed o'er Eden. Consider all the lights and shadows that now play over the hills and valleys of love's enchanted island—the fleeting attraction, the timid approaches and retreats, the admixture of friendship with something more than friendship, the dawning or fading twilight of affection, the incredible illusions, the sensitive avoidance that yet longs to meet, the iron resolution that yet longs to yield, and the tempestuous deluge submerging in forgetfulness, forethought, and prudence and kindness and all the world! Consider also the sudden disillusion, the slow estrangement.

Into this maze of inextricable complexity, the law hacks and bludgeons its rough-and-ready way. Judged by the standard of modern love, the marriage service of the Anglican Church is so primitive and coarse that many people refuse to listen to it, and even priests abbreviate it for shame. But the marriage service is advanced and reputable compared with the law. Take, for instance, the case of Colonel Wedgwood, the well-known Member for Newcastle-under-Lyme, as recently set forth by himself in a letter to the "Staffordshire Sentinel." We may omit all particular and personal issues, and treat the situation simply as typical of the many hundreds of similar cases which arise every year and are settled by the law through the same methods, though the methods are seldom so frankly exposed. After many years of marriage and the birth of several children, the wife found that she no longer loved the husband, and, thinking that to live with a man she did not love was little better than prostitution, she separated from him. For a long time he hoped the old relationship might be restored, but he was disappointed. Such hope usually is disappointed, for love, like political or other friendship, is rarely recovered. In Scotland, the husband could have divorced the wife for desertion; for in regard to women and all their relationships, the Scottish law has always been more just, more merciful, and more sensible than the English. But as the husband and wife were English people, divorce was only possible if the wife were proved guilty of adultery, or the husband were proved guilty of desertion and adultery.

Accordingly the husband set to work, first to be proved guilty of desertion. The method of proving this by refusing to comply with a writ for the restitution of conjugal rights (the very last thing that the wife desired to regain) was ridiculous, but not very difficult nor necessarily immoral. It was far from pleasant, however, and we agree with Colonel Wedgwood when he says that desertion may be more blackguardly than adultery. We quote the passage from his letter:

"All the world read in the papers that I had deserted a wife and seven children after twenty years' married life. Such a thing, if true, strikes me as being more blackguardly than adultery. . . . I am not likely to forget that day in the House of Commons. I spoke six times that day on the Education Bill to a perfectly silent House, feeling that every man was saying, 'That is the man who has deserted his wife and seven children.'"

But more was needed to fulfil the requirements of the English law. Evidence of adultery must be added to evidence of desertion. The husband must be compelled to sin, or to contrive the imputation of sin,

whether he likes it or not. In order to comply with the wishes of his wife, he must cast about to lie with another woman, or to appear to have done so upon evidence satisfactory to a judge and jury. In the present instance, the husband engaged a set of rooms at a hotel, and took a lady there who was not his wife. There was no adultery, but the evidence of it was entirely satisfactory to the eyes of the English law. The requisite witnesses to the fact were called, and the required divorce was obtained. Colonel Wedgwood was posted before the world as a deserter and adulterer. The case was naturally reported in all the papers. His photograph appeared among the pictures of the day. A slur was cast upon an honorable family. He was deluged with anonymous abuse.

As we said, the case is only typical—only one among many. Colonel Wedgwood writes in his letter that there were 900 similar cases last year. Almost everyone must have known instances among his acquaintance. The more scrupulous and sensitive the husband is, the more iniquitous is the shame to which he is exposed. He has no desire to offend, and no pleasure in offending. The law drives him to sin, or to a sinner's reputation. The only distinction in the present case is that Colonel Wedgwood had the courage to reveal the shameful absurdity. What will be the result of his courageous self-defence? The decree has been made absolute. He has married again in full accordance with the law. But what is the King's Proctor going to do about it? Here, as in all similar cases, is an instance of "collusion," and "collusion" nullifies divorce, the King's Proctor "intervening." What is still more serious, the necessary crime has not been committed. The husband pleads "Not Guilty" to the offence on the ground of which alone he obtained the object he desired. Will the King's Proctor proceed to prosecute him for innocence? Or will he prosecute the witnesses for perjury, because guilt was assumed upon their evidence, and their evidence was false? Or will he in his legal wisdom regard the present marriage as sufficient in itself to satisfy the shameless demands of the law?

These are interesting problems, and we submit them respectfully to the King's Proctor for consideration. He knows better than we can in how many thousands of cases they have arisen, only to be slurred over. The unhappy husband and wife have carefully observed their mutual compact, and the innocent man has preferred an evil reputation to the lasting misery under which he and his wife would else have been compelled by the law to live. But this particular case raises the whole question of marriage law and its reform. In the first place, even this atrocious method, under which the law insists upon sin or the evidence of sin, is the privilege only of the rich. As Colonel Wedgwood writes, "It has cost me several hundred pounds. Our divorce laws constitute the grossest case of one law for the rich and another for the poor." The poor who cannot spend several hundred pounds in complying with the abominable requirements, go without the legal divorce, and part, usually and naturally to live in what the law and church call "immorality." On the assumption that they are thus living in mortal sin, their poverty and not their will consents to their damnation. The method of suing *in formâ pauperis* is so restricted that it need not be seriously considered, and for the poor there is no way of escape even by the gate of real or simulated sin. One might argue that their state is therefore the more gracious, for they are at least spared the ignominy of conspiring to arrange the evidences of calculated adultery beforehand. But even among the working classes a man remains human. We all know the results, and those results are not legal, nor, we believe, are they in accordance with ecclesiastical doctrine, though the Church is the main instrument in promoting them.

We suppose the opposition of the Church to such reform of the Marriage Laws as would make them fairly decent and reasonable is founded upon the text, "Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Agreeably adaptable and complaisant in regard to other portions of Christ's teaching, such as the love of enemies or the duty of not resisting evil, many of the clergy are adamant here. Without entering into theological con-

troversy, we would suggest to them that, if once they begin to pick and choose among the Gospel precepts, they are opening the door to reason and the test of common experience. We would go further and remind them that, in common experience, it is not always God who joins a man and woman together, but the very opposite power. For many marriages are not made in heaven, but in a different place. Of course it is quite possible to agree with the Early Christian ascetics in regarding women as the emanation of the devil, and the attraction between men and women as an unholy passion to be shunned by flight into solitary deserts or accepted as one of the trials to be endured in the hope of a martyr's crown. But even in Egypt and Thessaly the woman-hating hermits have never been very numerous in proportion to the numbers of mankind (for, after all, the human race has multiplied), and unless we are to assume that a life of continuous spiritual torture, combined with perpetual temptations to depravity both at home and outside, is conducive to righteousness and virtue, it appears to us that the clergy are mistaken either in maintaining marriage as indissoluble, or in sanctioning the present filthy English laws, or in opposing reform.

If the authorities of the Established Church reject all proposals of change, we would ask them to limit their restrictions to members of their own particular body, and to allow the rest of this country to obtain the same freedom as is at present the privilege of Scotland and European countries—freedom, we mean, from the hateful choice between a degrading manner of life or a disgusting method of breaking away from it. After sitting and taking evidence for three years, the Royal Commission of which Lord Gorell was Chairman (being himself President of the Divorce Court) published in 1912 a Majority Report recommending that any one of five causes should be held sufficient for legal divorce, namely: wilful desertion lasting for three years without reasonable cause and against the will of the other party; habitual cruelty; incurable insanity (after five years' confinement); habitual drunkenness (incurable after three years); and imprisonment for life (after commuted death sentence). As to adultery, the whole Commission, including the three representatives of the Church, were agreed that man and woman should stand on absolute equality in regard to this claim. Upon separations, whether legalized or private, the Commission gave no definite advice, but as it specially concerns this particular case, we may recall the Bill framed in 1917 (cited as "The Matrimonial Causes Act"), which consists of two brief clauses: (1) Decrees of judicial separation shall have the effect of divorce after three years, if either the husband or the wife make application to the Court; and (2) After a continuous separation of three years, whether by mutual agreement or for any other reason, any husband or wife may petition the High Court of Justice for a dissolution of marriage. We again recommend those proposals to the attention of the present Home Secretary, who, we believe, formerly had charge of the Bill. They would not effect a complete reform of the marriage laws, but they would, at all events, render such a grievous case as Colonel Wedgwood's impossible, and, indeed, incredible to anyone but a student of antiquarian curiosities. For in such a case no man would in future be forced to submit to compulsory fornication, or to assume the appearance of a sin of which he was innocent, in order to obtain his freedom.

The Drama.

A PLAY ABOUT PARNELL.

"The Lost Leader." By Lennox Robinson. Produced by Mr. Fagan at the Court Theatre.

IT seems the most natural thing in the world for an Irish playwright to write a play about Parnell. For not only was Parnell in the line of historic drama, but he was of the very stuff from which the dramatic poet builds his fancies, and the heroic figure takes shape in the eyes of

men. Nothing was wanting in the personal equipage of Parnell. He had the tragic air, the proud sombre mien and uncommunicative temper, which, perfectly natural as they were, make magnificent drapery for the theatre. And if fortune assigned him a smaller stage than Wolsey or Wallenstein, it yielded him a career of almost equal grandeur, and a fall as great. Mr. Lennox Robinson's craftsman's skill and ardor, having so fine a subject, could hardly fail to make something impressive of it. And it was almost inevitable that in thinking of Parnell his imagination should fix itself on the legend that the great Irish chieftain had never really died and would, one day, reappear.

Yet it happens that this choice of Mr. Robinson has been almost fatal to his play. For it made a call on him to which only the highest genius could adequately respond. To bring Parnell to life again, to make him rally the ranks of the Clan-na-Gael, or to see it passing from one spiritual command to another, how impossible a task is this unless a Shakespeare or an Ibsen control it! We know the *revenants* of the spiritualists' table: that race of almost speechless drivellers. Mr. Robinson, being an artist, has done far better than this; yet he has not contrived an adequate return for the soul or the body of Parnell. Not the man himself is made to live again, but his ghost, a spectre from whom the original force has departed, or been replaced by a far milder spirit. But even his ghost is only a reincarnation, passing through the medium of a simple, half-crazed Irish peasant. Was Lucius Lenihan Parnell? Mr. Robinson does not say. He does not allow Parnell's familiar friend to say. The face was like Parnell's, but—he could not tell. And in shrinking from the full assumption on which the drama hangs, Lenihan's identity with the lost-leader, its author lets the true problem—the psychological one—go and condemns his work to unreality.

It opens with singular power. Mr. Robinson lets the suggestion of the returned leader creep into your imagination until you are brought up sharp with the vision of the stooping, white-haired Lucius answering to the hypnotic call and transformed under it into the erect figure and firm-set features of Parnell. The setting was admirable; the hypnotist playing round this mystery of a concealed personality, and awakening it, to his own astonishment and that of the prying journalist who "assists" at the revelation. But then the trouble begins—begins and goes on for the reason that having raised his genie, Mr. Robinson, like other magicians, does not quite know what to do with him. To begin with, he has distracted his audience. Mr. Lenihan-Parnell puzzles them no less than the niece, who has received this strange charge at her father's hands, with the intimation that her uncle was mad, that his craze was to imagine himself Parnell, and that he must be kept out of politics. Lenihan-Parnell himself explains that his friend had borne him from a sick bed, and that he had since fed his soul with solitude and life in a country inn. But the Parnell who rises at the doctor's Freudian invitation is not the old Parnell, but a new one, a Parnell who has undergone the law of change. Is it his long seclusion which has altered him, or the mellowing of age, or has there really been some exchange of character between the gentle Lucius Lenihan, whose theme is flies and fishing weather, and the stern soul of the old leader? And is it Mr. Lennox Robinson's irony to suggest that only a blind ballad-singer's hand can touch "Lenihan's" fingers and feel in them the firmness of Parnell's grasp? Certainly Mr. Norman McKinnel, fine artist as he is, cannot quite suggest the wonderful personality of Parnell. His Parnell-Lenihan has dignity, and a certain mild and gracious force, and Mr. Robinson has been careful to retain to the full Parnell's capacity for making a bad speech. But who can bend the bow of Achilles? Parnell's was a somewhat uncanny genius, and it is not easy to recall his air of harsh authority, the cold eye and glacial speech that kept Mr. T. P. O'Connor at a distance, and froze the genial current of the Nationalist tap-room.

It is this inevitable inadequacy of presentment which mars the last scene of Mr. Robinson's always

interesting venture. The veiled prophet is to unveil himself to a mixed band of believers and sceptics—an old Nationalist, a gombeen man, the blind but adoring ballad-singer, a Unionist magistrate, and a Sinn Feiner. And then comes the inevitable discovery that he has nothing to reveal. The new-old Parnell has his plan, written out (like other designs) on a scrap of paper. But his true revelation is a spiritual one. He leans to Sinn Fein, but in age and solitude it has been borne in upon him that Ireland's great business is to find her soul. That, I imagined, was the discovery of Sinn Fein, Parnell's more practical instinct being to fit the soul of Ireland to a habitable body. Indeed the gombeen man retorts with some point that if the earlier Parnell had talked in that fashion, his countrymen would soon have made an end of him. And as if to illustrate the aptness of the remark the blind fiddler, amazed at its insult, raises the Sinn Feiner's caman, and aiming at the traitor's head, unwittingly strikes the returned hero down. The end is an interrogation. Was it Parnell after all? And the answer would seem to be that historically and psychologically, it is not. The dead return not; not even, one ventures to hope, to gibber at Sir Conan Doyle's *seances*. But if art insists on greatness coming back, let it be in its proper form and vesture.

H. W. M.

Letters to the Editor.

MACAULAY ON BOLSHEVISM.

SIR.—The following extracts from Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton appear to be applicable to the present situation in Russia, and to hold a moral for Allied statesmanship:

"We deplore the outrages which accompany revolutions. But the more violent the outrages, the more assured we feel that a revolution was necessary. The violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the ferocity and ignorance of the people; and the ferocity and ignorance of the people will be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which they have been accustomed to live. . . . If they (the rulers) were assailed with blind fury, it was because they had exacted an equally blind submission."

"It is the character of such revolutions that we always see the worst of them at first. Till men have been sometime free they know not how to use their freedom. . . . The final and permanent fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation, and mercy. Its immediate effects are often atrocious crimes, conflicting errors, scepticism on points the most clear, dogmatism on points the most mysterious. It is just at this crisis that its enemies love to exhibit it. They pull down the scaffolding from the half-finished edifice; they point to the flying dust, the falling bricks, the comfortless rooms, the frightful irregularity of the whole appearance; and then ask in scorn where the promised splendor and comfort is to be found. If such miserable sophisms were to prevail there would never be a good house or a good Government in the world. . . ."

"At times she (Liberty) takes the form of a hateful reptile. She grovels, she hisses, she stings. But woe to those who in disgust shall venture to crush her! And happy are those who, having dared to receive her in her degraded and frightful shape, shall at length be rewarded by her in the time of her beauty and her glory!"

"There is only one cure for the evils which newly acquired freedom produces; and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is, not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinions subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educated out of the chaos."

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty till they become wise and good in slavery, they may indeed wait for ever."

—Yours, &c.,

J. E. H.

June 30th, 1919.

Poetry.

IF WE FORGET.

Our little day succeeds the night;
The rearward pennants of the storm
Stream broken across the widening light,
And earth restores her ancient form:
The cornfields ripen from the mud
Our lovers watered with their blood.

The maniac's dreams, the hero's pains,
The altar fires of hate and lies
Die down, and in the people's fanes
The ardent light of sacrifice,
And human beings turn again
To something much resembling men.

If in the luxury of peace
When joy is but more strange than grief,
And little things our hearts enlace
Familiarly beyond belief,
The lasher's voice, the new turned loam,
The near and fire-lit gleam of home:

When women wake no more to weep,
Nor man with tortured lids defies
The chiming hours of night, but sleep,
The drowsy mistress of the eyes,
Leaves tethered sorrow but a flight
When day brings back a barren light:

When we have heart again to see
The river bank on fire with gold
By Streatley, or from Chanctonbury
Far off our tranquil eyes behold
Stepping from sunlit height to height
The grave approaches of the night:

When the red dawn that rose in flames
Out of the furnace of the east
Has wreathed its splendor and its shames
In soberer grey as day increased,
And through the vast cloud pillars run,
Precursors of the even sun:

When, slowly loosed the chain that binds
A living soul to dead desire,
We turn our broken hearts and minds
To drowse and nod beside the fire,—
A little space to stop and play
On life's companionable way:—

If we forget the monstrous things
That we have seen and wrought and borne,
Beauty's decay and ruined springs
And trampling of unripened corn,
Torn hearts of mother and of wife
And broken ends of love and life,

The fool's contempt, the rich man's greed,
The fraud and policy of the great,
Freedom in chains and love in need
And truth a beggar at the gate,
Heroic hopes too lightly used
And noble purposes abused;

If we forget our tortured sons,
The broken limbs, the wounded hope,
The mind that reels, the blood that runs,
The cell, the bullet, and the rope,
Freedom, who groans with blood and sweat,
Forget her sons, if we forget!

L. GLOVER.

THE GOVERNESS OF EUROPE.

We are not at war with Russia.
We are helping them
To help themselves,
And, perhaps,
We may help ourselves, too
The Bolsheviks are irreligious

And have persecuted
The profiteers,
Though we all know
That God
Helps those who help themselves.

We are not fighting the Bolsheviks,
We are "learning" them.
(It hurts us more than it hurts you.)

It is very wrong of them
To defend themselves.
They should not
Have guns or ammunition.
We cannot understand
What they are fighting for.
There are no rich men
Or private properties.

We are very anxious
To come to a compromise,
But they must give way
On every point.
(I will talk to you if you promise not to kick.)

The Bolsheviks are no better
Than a lot of savages;
In fact, they are worse,
For savages cannot defend themselves.
We are not at war with Russia.

If an English soldier
Is shot by a Bolshevik
It is not war;
It is an accident,
Like being hit back
By Big Game.
No one loves free-thought and free-speech
More than we do,
But they should not be put into practice.
It never pays,
And the Grand Dukes
Were so picturesque.

We have killed
Lenin and Trotsky
Time-after-time
(It hurts me more than it hurts you)
But they keep on reappearing.

* * *

A few days
After the Crucifixion,
The Pharisees were talking about
This happy event,
Saying,

"We always said
That the young man
Would do himself no good.
We did not much mind
His ideas,
But he should not
Have put them into practice.
It was all this
Turning the money-changers
Out of the Temple.
They were such picturesque figures,
And the sound of
Money chinking
Was so delicious.
He ruined the poor old gentlemen,
And was horrid about private property.
He tried to undermine
The sacredness of the home,
And denied his mother and his brethren.
It is a very sad end
(It hurts me more than it hurts you)
But the thing had to be stopped."
At this moment, however,
Jesus was appearing
To His disciples
In another place.

MILES.

DREAMERS AND DOERS.

By HORACE BARNES.

*"For he dreamed beneath the moon,
And he slept beneath the sun,
And he lived a life of 'Going to Do'—
And died with nothing done."*

A VERY brilliant man was the source of inspiration for those four lines; not a dullard; not an ordinary, average, mediocre individual, curbed by conditions and defeated by difficulties; but a man of extraordinary mentality. He came of a famous family. He was born with the best of the mental gifts of his forebears. He had everything that a man needs—excepting concentration of mind—plan of effort—determination to do.

His family name is celebrated this very day wherever the English language is spoken. That is why we do not print it here. We mention the fact only for the reason that did we not do so, this little article on the value of purpose-in-life might, to the sceptical, seem to be based upon an imaginary quatrain written about an imaginary individual. As a matter of fact, it was written by a life-long friend of the "dreamer," who inscribed it in broken-hearted tribute to a brain and a personality which could have—and should have—accomplished marvels.

Attention and Intention.

Instead of accomplishment, there was only a vague equipment; instead of doing, there was only dreaming; instead of attention, there was only intention. Intention without attention is a locomotive engine without steam, a motor-car without petrol and "spark," an aeroplane without a pilot. Better is the wheel-barrow with a steady pusher behind it than the racehorse with no jockey.

In other words, in the case of the genius or the plodder, it is the applied purpose that counts. It is the man or woman with, first, a set aim in life, and, second, a mind trained to achieve that aim, who reaps what happiness, comfort, and worldly reward this life has to offer. It is to help the average individual to discover what his or her aim shall be, and to equip that individual with the brain-training required for the attainment of that aim, that Pelmanism was evolved. We say "evolved" rather than "invented," "originated" or "created," because Pelmanism is not an invention; not a discovery; not a formula, nor a trick, nor a recipe. Pelmanism is a course of mind-training and memory-training which, although first coördinated only just on twenty-five years ago, embodies in it the wisdom of the world's greatest mind-trainers for centuries past—brought up to date in a way so practical, so simple, so logical, and so lucid that Pelmanism is at once a pleasure to the university graduate and a homely, helpful friend to the student who has had only a brief education.

Pelman students include men who wore the "strawberry leaves" in the House of Lords at the Coronation, and girls who pick strawberry leaves from the fruit as they place it in the basket; admirals who order fleets about as we should arrange our handkerchiefs just back from the laundry, and able seamen who are training their minds to be—if not admirals—at least in command of other able seamen one day; generals who know that the mind of the leader must be kept acutely polished by mental exercise, and private soldiers who keep their minds free from rust as carefully as they polish their bayonets.

500,000 Pelmanists.

Five hundred thousand Pelman students have proved the power of Pelmanism for themselves. But do not let that deter you from investigating Pelmanism for yourself: for what is half-a-million out of the English-speaking population of the world? There is still room for millions of Pelmanists to step into places reserved for leaders—the places due to the doers, the places dreamed of by the dreamers, who live a life of going to do, and die with nothing done.

Thousands of these half-million Pelmanists had no set purpose, no fixed ambition, when they took up Pelmanism. Thousands more had, shining steadily before them, the star of a living goal. Those who enrolled while scarcely knowing why they did so—they did not get beyond the second or third lesson before they awakened to a new aim in life. Their letters have told us so, of their own free will. Those other thousands found in the concrete, downright, definite mind-drill of the Pelman lessons the very power of will, determination, application and all-round mental efficiency which alone was needed to enable them to realize their ambitions.

A Helpful Book.

Would you like to read some of these letters? Would you feel more convinced by what Pelman students themselves have to say, than by what the famous writers say? If so, be sure to read the letters reprinted in "Mind and Memory," the 32-page Pelman book which is sent upon application to those interested. This same book gives an outline of what the Pelman lessons actually comprise, and is in itself most interesting and helpful reading.

Let "Mind and Memory" answer your questions about Pelmanism—and then Pelmanism will answer your questions about yourself.

Write to-day to the Pelman Institute, 97, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1.

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"Business men are wonderful," said Miss Mary Henderson, the lady who raised £60,000 for the Scottish Women's Hospitals, in a recent interview, "they know the value of the gifts they make, and they have cultivated Resourcefulness and Energy and Concentration."

These three qualities are essential to the mental make-up of every business man. He must have the Concentration which comes from directed thinking. He must have at his command Energy and Enthusiasm with which to drive through all obstructions and to drive past all distractions. And he must possess that Resourcefulness which enables him to adapt his methods and his plans to the varying circumstances of each passing day.

In a series of articles published in "The Times" Trade Supplement, Mr. Frank W. Moore has described other qualities needed by the modern business man. Amongst these are:

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — Knowledge. — Memory. — Tact. — Far-Sightedness. — Analytical Power. — Courage. — Observation. — Originality. — Adaptability. | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> — Confidence. — Sociability. — Energy. — Patience. — Judgment. — Imagination. — Conversational Power. — Care for Detail. |
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The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Towards Reunion." Being contributions to mutual understanding by Church of England and Free Church writers. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "The Four Years." War Poems collected and newly augmented. By Laurence Binyon. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.)
- "The Peak of the Load." By Mildred Aldrich. (Constable. 5s.)
- "Storm in a Teacup." A novel. By Eden Phillpotts. (Heinemann. 7s.)

* * *

A SUSTAINED heroic effort saved the critics in the unending pour of the war-books. There will be no decorations for this "bit." Virtue, to some extent, is its own reward, as every sad but self-satisfied person is sure to admit. But it is possible to report now a little relief. There is a lessening of the uproar. That terrific recital with its accompaniment of one-note music on brass-ware diminishes. Hope, during the whole of the din, though wan, remained watchful and expectant; willing to believe the best, but getting more and more war-books; steadily and bravely refusing to take the word of the wise that literature would never appear, dared not show its face, during that deafening racket. Hope dutifully, if hurriedly, examined as many documents as it could hold in both hands and read at once (to save time, to eke out life), always trusting that soon a book would come, instead of more propaganda and joy messages. Who it was used to read those messages, take in that propaganda as nourishing mental food, will remain as great a mystery as the inside economy of the beetle which flourishes on creosoted wood blocks; as great a mystery as the source of the money which paid for their production; for many were so awful that even an incompetent publisher would have known instinctively that the day of their publication was the day when they might just as well go straight to the pulping machines. Yet competent firms published them. Why? Shall we ever know? If there is a reader who ever went through one because it gave enjoyment, then his portrait might be of value to ethnologists.

* * *

THE direct narratives of eye-witnesses, of sailors, soldiers, and flying men, of whoever had personal experience to work upon, were often interesting and lively—some sort of reward to dutiful critics—and more noteworthy still, giving the critics a sense of peace after storm, they were modest. The messenger who really has something to say never shouts, and so these direct narratives were uniformly quiet and even a little shy. "Behind the Barrage," "Fields and Battlefields," and "The Secret Battle," are good examples. But the writers whose work it was to keep up our courage when other men were called up, to give us the power to go on and bear the horrors under which other men suffered, they did it in words which made the English language look as large, noble, and gorgeous as a door-porter at a fashionable hotel.

* * *

"THE SECRET BATTLE" is a wayward little portent of the kind of war-book which now may replace the work of hearty propaganda and good cheer. It is evidence, perhaps, that the light of common day may soon be more acceptable to an audience than colored limelight, and that men will be preferred to heroes. Now we may hear about the war. For, as to heroes, for one point, I suppose few soldiers ever met a specimen, though good men were common enough. A hero of one day might look, on the next—to any but the men of his own platoon—an inexcusable duffer. So much depended on the quarter from which the wind was blowing. For some men it went up when it was N.N.E., and for others when it was S.W. The varieties of fear, and their causes, and their mutations because of changing health and differing circumstance, are well known to the men who have suffered. What a complexity is war, as well as a very dirty business. We have hardly begun yet to hear any news from the front.

EVEN the bare outlines of the history of the great affair itself, the movements of armies, the grandiose strategy which inspired them, the inexplicable deficiencies of the great heroes, British, French, and German, which muddled those larger conceptions, and in consequence sent the lives of common men draining uselessly in spate into the bottomless sink, as though common life were bilge to be drawn off, even those bare outlines may be all wrong, as we see them now. Lord French's reminiscences show that. When a principal performer makes major errors in time and place concerning the very matters in which he acted as controller, and betrays a simplicity of judgment which would be hard to overlook in a war-correspondent or a postman, it becomes clear at last that for years we may be entertained, as well as instructed and surprised, about the very business over which hitherto we have felt impelled, through knowledge and sure conviction, to sing glad hoorannas.

* * *

"WHAT astonishes me," writes a soldier, who was in London on what is politely called Peace Night, "is that it could have been regarded by anyone as the right time for dancing with joy. I can understand the Importances in Authority telling us not to overdo the jazz, and then letting off guns, maroons, and searchlights, to check our enthusiasm. They don't want us to think much about it. They want us to get it off our minds. There is much they would rather we did not find out. Yet remember that this festal occasion was the eve of the anniversary of the opening of the Somme. Have these dancing people ever heard of the Somme? Do they know what Serre meant, Orvillers, Beaumont Hamel, Fricourt, Mametz? Do they know what these names convey to a number of men? Haven't they been told? Will they never learn? Has nobody ever tried to show the home folk what was the appearance of the Ancre valley, after a year of fighting, as it was reflected from the mind of a decent and sensitive man?"

* * *

THAT so many soldiers feel anxious and thwarted, as though they had a message for us of surging importance, yet cannot give it utterance because they find our minds are not in accord, means that presently we are to have fairly adequate representation of men in war. But at present the language of the men who know is foreign to us, and sparse. There is no communication. They feel frustrated, and so are alienated from us, and not a little perverse and angry, as one may discover from their asides—the savage satire of their occasional verse, their ironic soliloquies aloud, as though they pretended we did not overhear them, the sudden and surprising brutality and deliberate coarseness of a few of their casual outbursts. The truth is they feel we need the strappado, really. And we do; yet the literary expression of that punishment is rarely corrective, even at its best. Gulliver is a book of funny adventures for children; that is the way we take it out of Lemuel, for being rude to us. But this profound disquiet of the young, which we know of now only as a sullen and a bitter grievance, willingly overlooked and forgiven by us (for we elders are generous and tolerant) if it is not carried too far, is altogether too deep and wide for expression by satire. Satire is no more than impatience, angry and mocking. These deeply stirred emotions will take time to find the right conveyance. But they will find it. What most soldiers remember in secret when they see such names as Glencorse, Longueval, St. Pierre Vaast, Gommecourt—there are hundreds more; when they see soldiers marching through London behind exciting brass bands in these days; when they see a recruiting poster with a one-legged man reading it from the kerb over his match tray; when they see us moved in an emotional wave by the sob in the artful throat of a politician—whenever, in fact, they contrast their dark and awful memories with the things that are, what thoughts stir in them will some day take shape. Those thoughts will be conveyed in words that all of us will share and understand, when the complex and overlaid impressions of the writers among the soldiers are at last resolved in quiet. The right book can never be done while there is merely an anxiety lest the dread secret, which all should know, should die unrevealed.

H. M. T.

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The Interrupted Jazz

NOTE.—The philosophies of these fragments are sometimes fruitful.

MAN, WOMAN, & EXCESS.

BY
H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

MAN is a curious animal. Woman is an angel with curiosity. A platitude and a tribute. Men accept platitudes without question. Women question all things, even while they accept them.

I find it refreshing to deal in an occasional platitude . . . and hold a playful post-mortem.

The ordinary man loves a platitude with about as much intelligence as he loves a woman.

And once having accepted a platitude the ordinary man takes it to his bosom and he believes in it with a religiosity beyond his comprehension.

But, alas! platitudes, with many other things he takes to his bosom, are occasionally as false as they are fair, and often blind his sober judgment and bear him wildly astray.

And nations and men deserve the government they get, in politics . . . and in love.

Only the few deserve the fair.

The ordinary man is worthy of the falsity of government, but unworthy of the falsity of more beautiful things.

"What's in a name?"

Shakespeare perpetuated this fair and false platitude and the ordinary man took it to his heart and cherished it.

But the bureaucrats and rulers are subtler. They realise the stupidity of the ordinary man. They know that to him *everything* is in a name.

Therefore, it was their humbug to call the "Tax on Trade and Enterprise" the "Excess Profit Tax."

But the Excess Profit Tax is killing Development and is the cause of Unemployment. And the thirst of the Bureaucracy is insatiable and its orgies of extravagance so insensate that the poor Taxpayer can no longer afford to meet the bills.

So he gives it all up because development is of no use. The golden goose is dead, and the simple business man will be as idle as the subtle brigands . . . if not so subtle.

In the dual intoxication of politics and sex, I had almost forgotten to mention that Pope & Bradley continue to make clothes without charging plutocratic prices. The bureaucrats get most of the profit, but the guiding spirit of the House continues to live joyfully if not quite so well.

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Reviews.

TWO FRENCH POETS.

"Europe." Par JULES ROMAINS. ("Nouvelle Revue Française." 4f. 80c.)

"Le Secret." Par ANDRÉ SPIRE. ("Nouvelle Revue Française." 4f. 75c.)

To say that nearly all the serious literature being issued in France is inevitably preoccupied with the war is merely to enunciate a truism. It is a truism one cannot afford to neglect, for this preoccupation is due not to a desire to exploit actuality, but to rid the mind of the anguish of a terrible experience. France is still haunted by the war. There is scarcely a "tower of ivory" left in that country which was once populous with these symbolic edifices; or, if any are left, their inhabitants are silent. Naturally there are writers who give their attention to any subject they consider of immediate popular interest—hence the large numbers of totally worthless "war books"—but there are also a number of Frenchmen who are considering the problem not as a "stunt" to be exploited, but as a necessary pretext for poetic reverie. Their attitude, if one may generalize, is clearly expressed by M. Jacques Rivière in his introductory article to the new series of "La Nouvelle Revue Française." He says:—

"On voit des gens qui semblent persuadés que l'énormité et l'atrocité des événements que nous venons de traverser rendent désormais scandaleuse et impossible toute position purement speculative et obligent à ne plus se proposer que des fins pratiques. On en voit d'autres au contraire, plus rares, il est vrai—mais on trouverait parmi eux plus d'un ancien combattant—qui, par timidité, par répugnance pour les partis-pris, par lassitude souvent, ou par héroïque dédain de ce qu'ils ont fait de plus admirable, affectent de ne plus attacher d'importance qu'aux jeux de l'esprit et déclarent ouvertement se désintéresser des affaires publiques. Nous n'appartenons ni à l'une ni à l'autre de ces deux catégories. . . . Je tiens à nous désolidariser formellement de tous ceux qui considèrent que la guerre étant finie, il n'y a qu'à n'y plus penser, et qui croient qu'on peut limiter de nouveau le champ de ses préoccupations à la seule esthétique. Non seulement un tel désintérêt nous indigne; mais encore il nous est impraticable. Pas de tour d'ivoire."

This statement synthesizes admirably the state of mind which produced the "Europe" of M. Jules Romains and the latter part of "Le Secret" of M. André Spire—two books of poems recently issued by "La Nouvelle Revue Française." To men living the life of their time and whose poetry seeks to set the human spirit in direct contact with that life, it was impossible—if even desirable—to go on writing as if nothing had happened. The war swept over men's lives like a gigantic wave, and if it did not alter them, it forced them to take sides, to define an attitude.

The "Europe" of M. Romains is one of the noblest books composed out of the emotions of the war. It is free from many of the faults which make the reading of so many books with a similar theme unpleasant and distasteful. It is something of an achievement to have written a book which is French without any clap-trap "patriotism"; humane, without being sentimental; individual, without being egotistic; international in sympathy, without being doctrinaire:—

"L'Europe, mon pays, est en proie aux armées.
Le continent grouille par terre, comme un sac
De serpents enfumés qui s'éveillent et mordent.
Des villes, au hasard, éclatent sous leurs dents."

"Et la France, par qui mon corps tient à l'Europe,
Multitude où je trempe, et qui me continue,
Terroir de mes pensées, terrain de ma tribu,
Arbre où sont suspendus les mots de mon poème,
La France est envahie des Vosges à la mer."

This cry of distress is the end of the first poem of the book. It defines by itself the scope of M. Romains' regret, for though as a Frenchman he is lacerated by the invasion of his country, the author of "Mort de Quelqu'un" and of so many "unanimiste" books cannot forget that the misfortunes of his country are shared with others, that millions of men who are not Frenchmen were as unwillingly caught into the vast "sac de serpents."

"Ce n'est pas ainsi que je rêvais
De commencer le chant de l'Europe . . ."

he exclaims, and again in the same poem:—

"Et je commence ta louange
Europe, dans un grand tumulte;
Je dis le chant de ta naissance
Dans le cri même de ta mort.
"Il me faut beaucoup de courage;
Il me faut un cœur bien naïf
Encore, et mes deux yeux d'enfant."

M. Romains writes so quietly that he works on the mind almost imperceptibly. After these two introductory poems, so full of anguish and inquietude, poems which express without bitterness and declamation his revolt from the enormous confusion, he builds up a little poem of peace, with memories of almost forgotten quiet days:—

"Des lampadaires d'été
Murissaient une lumière
Succulente, qui se gonfle
Encore dans ma mémoire.
"L'insomnie universelle
Flottait sur l'eau d'un bassin . . .
"Nous aurions sauvé le monde
En sifflant un air de danse."

But his memory refuses to stay long with those scenes of quietude, and his next poem begins with another cry of anguish:—

"Mais le plus fort souvenir
Tombe, les mains en avant,
Comme un jeune homme tué."

The temptation is to go on quoting, for not only are these poems very moving in themselves, but are themselves their own critique. It has to be confessed that "Europe" is disconcerting to the would-be estimator of their values; they are beautiful and they are moving, but quite how they are beautiful and why they are so moving escapes analysis. They are the expression of a whole generation in distress, an emotional *plaider* against the spirit which almost, if not quite, wrecked the world. But when that is said, what is left to add except, "Here, take them, and read them for yourself"?

"Je témoigne que le soldat
Qui vient de reposer son verre
Ne veut pas entrer dans la gare
Ne veut pas monter dans le train.

"Il ne veut pas qu'un wagon morne
Le bouscule toute la nuit;
Il ne veut pas qu'on le réveille
Sous un hangar plein de caissons.

"Il ne veut pas d'un tas de paille
Dans la mesure bombardée,
Ni de l'encoignure de glaise
Qui se dérobe sous les reins.

"Il n'a ni haine ni courage,
Et pas une bribe de joie.
Bien qu'il ait bu dès le matin,
L'ivresse lui est refusée. . . .

"Ce qu'il veut—à en défaillir,
A s'en laisser couler par terre—
C'est être chez lui, ce soir même,
Chez lui, dans la pièce du fond. . . ."

M. André Spire's "Le Secret" is not a poem on one theme like "Europe," but is a collection of short pieces, many of which date from before the war. If it does not disengage the same feeling of discouragement and despair as "Europe," it has passages of sharp cynicism and anger. It is more openly emotional, more pictorial than M. Romains' book, but the difference between the pre-war and post-war sections of "Le Secret" is striking. There is a gaiety, a plenitude of life in the earlier part quite lacking in the later poems:—

"Chaudie vie,
Ils te calomnient ceux qui cherchent plus loin que toi!

"Dans le ciel, l'univers,
Rien qui ne soit pour toi,
O toi le but des mondes!"

and this:—

"Volupté de regarder le soir
Couvrir de velours prunelle
Les batailles du cap et de la mer;

"Volupté de contempler la nuit,
Et, dans ses clignotantes lumières,
De voir rire les yeux d'un enfant;

"Volupté de penser, volupté de parler,
Parfois de ne pas dire tout ce qu'on pourrait dire,
D'avoir dans son cœur plus d'un coin secret . . ."

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Pense à ta petite besogne,
Et fais-y ton gain si tu peux.

"Cache-nez, chandails, chaussures,
Piles de poche, bougeoirs de tranchées,
Chaussettes, plastrons, couvertures,
Savon en tubes, alcool solide,
Voilà ton petit domaine;
Fais-y ton gain si tu peux.

"Calcule, calcule juste,
Un gramme, un centimètre, un centime
De plus ou de moins change tout.

"Tes fils tuent, on les assassine—
Fais-y ton gain si tu peux."

Decidedly the war, *en tant que* fetish, has no luck with these realist French poets. They do not see things in quite the same light as the authors of frenzied newspaper articles. Just as there are few cavalry charges to brighten the monotonous crawling routine of modern warfare, there are found few or no poets of talent to praise international hostilities. Whatever the excitement of war may be—and I am told that it is marvellous—the poets with talent do not choose to express it. The change is decisive and important. Five years ago Mr. Norman Angell asserted that nobody believed in the romance of war except the poets (proving thereby his total ignorance of modern poetry). It would be more accurate to say to-day that almost everybody believed in war except the poets. Their voice is quiet and not many hear it, but before now quiet words to which no one paid much attention have achieved extraordinary results. In any case the most hardened defender of chauvinist aggression would feel a little sobered after reading these two books—providing he would take the trouble to read them carefully and providing also that he understood them.

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THE CONQUEST OF ULSTER.

"Elizabethan Ulster." By Lord ERNEST HAMILTON. (Hurst & Blackett. 16s. net.)

In "The Making of Ireland and its Undoing" Mrs. J. R. Green, to the satisfaction of every scholar competent to weigh evidence, disposed finally of the theory that the Irish of the Tudor era were a horde of degraded savages "whose only redemption was," as she says, "through the cannons and firebrands of a higher race." It was argued by some critics that Mrs. Green was merely slaying the slain, but Lord Ernest Hamilton's volume, which his publishers recommend as "an exhaustive, clear, and impartial account of the momentous events in which the Irish problem originated," shows as much appreciation of the principles of historical research as the Elizabethan adventurers whose records he flourishes as if they embodied the whole truth about Ireland. Lord Ernest Hamilton does not refute the mass of evidence which Mrs. Green has produced; his policy is to ignore it, and by sprinkling his pages with references to the State Papers to convey the impression that he has exhausted all possible sources of information. This may be effective as political controversy, but it is a fantastic burlesque of the historical method. As a matter of fact, one could make an admirable parallel to "Elizabethan Ulster" by offering as a serious contribution to the history of Belgium during the war a chronicle compiled entirely from German official documents, the reminiscences of German officers, and the diatribes of the Berlin Press. Lord Ernest Hamilton rules out the question of why the English were fighting in Ulster in Elizabethan times just as the Germans declined to discuss the ethics of their invasion of Belgium; like the Germans, again, he can always produce a string of Irish atrocities to palliate the worst excesses of the "frightfulness" which was as firm an article of faith with his heroes as it is with the most ardent disciple of Clausewitz.

In the engaging fashion of his school he has a different standard of conduct for different sides. When Chichester, in 1603, gave full rein to "the policy of indiscriminate extermination" in Antrim and Down, we are told that "the devastation of an enemy's country was at the time universally

recognized as a legitimate method of warfare." Yet a few pages previously a raid by O'Neill into Louth and Meath is denounced as a "wanton and insensate act of destruction," a revelation of "the innate meanness of the man's soul" who could see "no distinction between brigandage and battle." The English are judged only by sixteenth-century standards; the Irish are expected to conform to the principles laid down in President Wilson's Fourteen Points. Even where the Irish practice is an anticipation of twentieth-century ideals, this, in Lord Ernest Hamilton's eyes, accentuates their degradation. The Gaelic clans, for instance, had the audacity to believe in the elective system in preference to what Lord Ernest Hamilton evidently deems to be the divine right of hereditary succession. Their adhesion to this system was dictated, he holds, not by a conviction that it gave an opening to the best man, but by the hope of spoils, which is, in his opinion, "the driving power of all elections, whether decided by the ballot or the sword."

It is obvious that a writer with these views is not likely to hold the balance evenly in an estimate of the forces at work in Ireland in the closing decades of the Tudor era. To Lord Ernest Hamilton the struggle was simply between order and anarchy, and his readers are given scarcely a hint to show that the confused raids and intrigues which make such incoherent reading in his pages represent a clash between two violently antagonistic social systems. The Gaelic polity rooted in the group ownership of land, with as its ideal the federation of self-governing tribes, was matched against the strongly centralized government which under the inspiration of the Tudors had arisen out of the wreck of the feudal order. It may be that the Gaelic system was designed for peace rather than war, and was unfitted to survive a life and death contest with a stronger and better equipped enemy. But the system was not, as Lord Ernest Hamilton insists, a revolting and incompetent tyranny. In a peculiarly unhappy parallel he compares the Irish chiefs to the Grand Dukes of the pre-emancipation period in Russia. Had he said that the Irish peasants backed their chiefs in the struggle because English rule destroyed their Soviets he would have been nearer the truth. It was the decision to forfeit the land of the tribe for the supposed offence of the chief that nerved the tribesmen to fight to the last gasp, and the conflict raged all the more bitterly in Ulster because the northern clans, who were the last to be conquered, knew from the experience of their southern fellows the fate that awaited them.

Lord Ernest Hamilton writes as if the object of the invaders in carrying fire and sword through Ulster was to save the people from the exactions of their overlords. He omits to mention that under tribal tenure these exactions were regulated by custom, and makes no reference to the still more pertinent fact that when the Mountjoys and Chichesters had overthrown the O'Neills and O'Donnells they and their fellows practised similar exactions free from any check. Coyne and livery, in particular, moves his wrath, but he has apparently overlooked the comments of Sir John Davies, who as one of the original Ulster Planters spoke with authority on the subject. "The extortion," Davies wrote, "was originally Irish. When the English had learned it they used it with more insolence and made it more intolerable."

Lord Ernest Hamilton's resolve to see the situation in Ireland purely through English eyes is the more curious, because he has no illusions as to the honesty and patriotism of the vast majority of the Planters. He quotes with approval Mountjoy's scathing criticism of his subordinates. "The reason why Council, clergy, and English inhabitants in this kingdom," said the Deputy, "have been noted of so corrupt a disposition when they live here is because, for the most part, they are in all three kinds such as England rather refuseth." The pages of "Elizabethan Ulster" bristle with revelations of corruption and treachery which if printed by a Nationalist historian would certainly be denounced by Unionists as partisan inventions. Lord Ernest Hamilton shows us viceroys and generals accepting bribes from their opponents in the field, selling the muskets of their soldiers to rebels, falsifying muster-rolls to draw pay for double the number of troops under their command, and stealing their miserable rations. The Commander of Carrickfergus complained that neither he nor his garrison had received pay for four years, and another account declares that the soldiers who "are most lamentably hunger-starved . . . die wretchedly and woefully in the streets and highways far less

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regarded than any beasts." As Kyffin, who did his best to expose the frauds, put it: "It is lamentable to consider whether the outcry of the soldiers everywhere for want of pay, or of the country people, extremely robbed and pillaged by the soldiers, be the more grievous." The poets who chant so loudly the romance of the Elizabethan adventurers might do worse than turn to the prose in which contemporaries set forth the realities that underlie the fantastic fabric of legend.

Lord Ernest Hamilton, though he draws aside the veil for his readers, shuts his own eyes to the significance of the facts. In his view the real guilt lay less in the acceptance of bribes by English officials than in the willingness of the Irish to buy off persecution by corrupting their persecutors. He denounces the intrigues that paralyzed executive government, but while he makes clear that the rival factions inside the Pale lied systematically about one another, he expects us to believe that they told nothing but the naked truth about the natives whom they were conspiring to exterminate. If the temptation to vilify one another was strong amongst the English settlers, it was infinitely more imperative to paint the mere Irish as so degraded that, to quote one chronicler, "The wild beasts are indeed less wild and hurtful than they." It was essential, then as now, to create an atmosphere that would justify massacre and expropriation in the name of civilization and progress. The kinema and the cheap newspaper were not yet available as propagandist instruments, but Fynes Moryson, whose fictions Lord Ernest Hamilton swallows so greedily, anticipated in all vital details the methods of the Northcliffe Press. Popular preachers and speakers horrified plain Englishmen by their pictures of the Irish chiefs as shivering cowards and swinish debauchees, whose tyranny over their people must be broken at all costs. These fables and inventions, originally devised to mask the truth that the natives had land which the settlers were determined to take by fair means or foul, are faithfully reproduced in "Elizabethan Ulster." One can smile at the prejudice which persists in seeing the struggle for the territories of the O'Neills and O'Donnells in terms of the political creed of Sir Edward Carson, but one does resent the insult to one's intelligence when one is asked to accept an indictment drawn up by the wolf as an accurate and impartial statement of the case for the lamb.

ART AND JOURNALISM.

"*The Thunderbolt : A Novel.*" By GEORGE COLMORE. (Unwin. 7s. net.)

"*Blind Alley.*" By W. L. GEORGE. (Unwin. 9s. net.)

WHEN we were half-way through "*The Thunderbolt*," it was a subject of mild surprise with us why it had not been received with a shout of critical welcome. Then, when the book was finished, we began to understand why. For "*The Thunderbolt*" is certainly the most remarkable modern essay in imaginative fiction the present writer has read during the last five years. It is divided into two very distinct portions, each of them so different from the other that the only connective tissues are the actual *dramatis personae* and the mature, balanced, weighty and detached style of the author. The change is a revolutionary one, and all the literary furniture and atmosphere accompany a radical transformation in the nature and pace of the action, the disposition of the pieces, the psychology of the characters and the attitude of the novelist. Yet in spite of the fact that these two halves of one book embrace as great a difference as there is between "*Romeo and Juliet*" and "*Troilus and Cressida*," the transition is as smooth and inevitable as nature's own transitions in the passage of the seasons. The swallows were here yesterday; to-day they are gone. But who has followed their flight and whither have they gone? The handling of the one material and then the other with the same ease and flexibility is in itself an artistic triumph, apart from the fact that the reader is never allowed to feel alienated or discomposed. Surely the essence of good writing is to insinuate the author's meaning and purpose and the significance of his material into the reader's mind by the use of language which will prevent him from seeing the process. It is all a matter of emphasis.

The first part of "*The Thunderbolt*" is light satiric comedy in the best tradition of the Jane Austen model. Mrs. Bonham is the altar of Stottleham society, not because she

is richer or abler or finer or more truthful than her discreet worshippers, but because she embodies the narrow, complacent, possessive security of Stottleham from the rest of the world. The touch is light and the suggestions delicate, and the malice dexterous. Yet almost every word of these earlier chapters is of tragic and deadly significance; and all the little intrigues, subterfuges, fears, and trivialities are destined to be the seed of woe. Dorrie, of whom the author draws a fresh picture of virginal sweetness, becomes betrothed to the son of Lady Clementina Fortescue, and Mrs. Bonham accordingly takes her for a pre-marital tour in France and Germany. In Laubach, while her mother is in bed with a headache, she is inoculated with syphilis by a famous doctor who had mistaken her (she had fallen down and muddied herself) for a poor patient he was expecting. As Augustine, Georgina's French maid explained: "The doctor Reisen had made experiments—very many. It was to find out. On animals first of all; and then, because from the animals the results were not sure enough—then in his clinic upon . . ." Georgina's world falls in ruins. She hurries home, more from the hope of sympathetic support for her indignation than to re-establish it. She goes to Dr. Rayke—he has gone to London as one of a party who are to present an address of welcome to Dr. Reisen; she tells her friends at the Vicarage the truth, and the vicar's wife says "it was for the girl's own good," the vicar, "for the good of humanity." Finally, Dorrie's betrothal deserts her, and Hannah, her old nurse, knowing that if she knew the desertion would break her heart, gives her a painless drug and the tragedy is accomplished. We have said nothing of Hannah, whose passionate devotion to Dorrie makes her the most impressive character in the book, and whose vision born of feeling penetrates the whole artificial flimsiness of Stottleham and what it stands for. There is true greatness in Hannah, and it is one of the notable features of this masterly book that it can achieve such varieties of representation as Hannah, as Dorrie, as the stucco society of Stottleham, and one of the most scathing exposures of vivisection that has ever been penned at the same time. But "*The Thunderbolt*" never swerves away into propaganda; on the contrary, it is a piece of fine and genuine literature.

It is rather bad luck on Mr. George that he should follow it. For he belongs to the realistic school which splashes helter-skelter a multitude of crude impressions of contemporary life. "*Blind Alley*" is a study of England in war-time, and the various characters in it are used to express various opinions and attitudes about it. Mr. George does indeed succeed in giving a picture of the confusion and turmoil and heady futility born of the war, but partly, we fear, because the same kind of thing is found in the novel itself. "*Blind Alley*" indeed is a journalistic hash crammed into the novel-form.

The Week in the City.

THE signature of the Peace Treaty has had no great effect in markets, though it seems to have steadied Consols and other gilt-edged securities. Sweden has just contracted a loan from the United States, the whole proceeds of which are to be used in buying commodities from that country. America is "pulling out" of the Russian war and leaving us with the dog to hold, while its financiers and manufacturers quietly occupy as much of the Baltic market as they conveniently can. The Loan, one hears, is not going particularly well. Some say that it means financing fresh wars, others that they need the money for their own business, others that they do not want to encourage further public extravagance. The news from Russia balances. The defeat of Kolchak, in the East, and of the White Finns, in the West, may be set against Denikin's successes in the South. The accounts that come of the Baltic provinces are deplorable. An immense amount of life and property has been destroyed in the racial and class warfare which has raged ever since the armistice. On the whole, therefore, there are few important movements to record on the Stock Markets. As for the Exchanges, the most serious fact is the further depreciation of the German mark. I was told, on Tuesday, by a City authority, that seventy marks now go to the one pound note. In Cologne, they say, many German-manufactured goods are remarkably cheap, though some, of course, are not obtainable for love nor money. During the week money has been plentiful and the rates for short loans have been from 2 to 3½ per cent. Thursday's Bank Return was fairly satisfactory.

LUCILLEUM.

July 5, 1919.]

THE NATION

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4:29

IRELAND AND THE FUTURE

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together with suggestions as to

THE FUTURE

CHANNEL TUNNEL.

THE ordinary general meeting of the Channel Tunnel Company, Limited, was held on the 27th June. Baron E. B. d'Erlanger, chairman of the company, presided, and in moving the adoption of the report and accounts said that they considered that the construction of the tunnel, which was begun fifty years ago, was one of the most important things in the national policy of reconstruction. It was essential in their eyes, from a political point of view, in order to link this country more closely with France, and to perpetuate that alliance between the two countries which had been consecrated by five years of brotherhood in arms. It was no less essential from the point of view of political economy. The British Empire was a commercial empire; and no one could gainsay to-day that in the competition of the markets of the world the question of quick, safe, and cheap transport was a dominant factor. The speediest, the most reliable, and, he ventured to assert, the cheapest access to the markets of Continental Europe would be best assured by the construction of the Channel Tunnel, and that was why he advocated its construction on national grounds of political economy. The company was prepared to promote a Bill in Parliament for the construction of the Tunnel, fully realizing that they could satisfy Parliament it would not endanger the national safety, but would make security doubly secure, and that there were no insuperable difficulties, but before promoting this Bill some assurance should be given that no *prima facie* decision had been come to by the Government against construction by private enterprise.

The report was adopted.

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LIPTON LIMITED.

FURTHER INCREASE IN BUSINESS.

THE Twenty-first Annual General Meeting of Lipton Limited was held on the 30th ult. at Winchester House, Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bt., presiding.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. C. Williamson Milne), at the request of Sir Thomas Lipton, reviewed the accounts in detail, and explained that the increase in the profits, which were now over £400,000, was in no way due to fortuitous circumstances connected with war conditions. The stocks in trade, at cost or under, amounted to £1,349,500, being an increase of over a quarter of a million on last year's figures. The investments (including £125,000 of War Loan and War Bonds) and cash amounted together to £380,718, an increase of £61,735. The amount written off for depreciation, at £47,411, was greater than it was last year, and the reserve account, by the allocation of a further £100,000, had now reached the substantial total of half a million sterling. After deducting debenture interest and preference dividends for the year, also the interim dividend of 5 per cent. paid on the ordinary shares, there was balance left of £242,468, the allocation of which would be dealt with by the chairman.

Sir Thomas Lipton then said that the business had further increased during the past year, and that, notwithstanding the restrictive control measures which had been enforced, the branch sales had substantially increased. The rate of profit on goods sold had shown a further reduction. In these days, when so many suggestions of profiteering were being put forward, it was of great importance to be able to state clearly and plainly that the rate of profit was smaller, although the extent of the trade done was much greater. A large number of new branch shops had been secured throughout the United Kingdom, and these would be opened as quickly as possible. The cost of equipment and the provision of the extra stock to work them would require large capital expenditure, besides which extra warehouse and factory accommodation were necessary. To meet this the directors had decided to make an issue of debentures, full particulars of which would shortly be announced. He afterwards paid a high tribute to the managing directors, Mr. H. L. Peters and Mr. J. F. Gregory.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and it was further resolved that a final dividend of 7½ per cent. be paid on the ordinary shares, making 12½ per cent. for the year; that a further £10,000 be set aside to the pension fund, and that £138,718 be carried forward, subject to the payment of excess profits duty.

THE NORTHERN EXPLORATION COMPANY LIMITED.

SPITSBERGEN.

BRITISH ENTERPRISE v. GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

THE DISCOVERIES ON THE PROPERTIES.
"THE RICHEST IRON ORE IN THE WORLD."

COAL PRODUCTION.
PROPOSED FORMATION OF SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES.

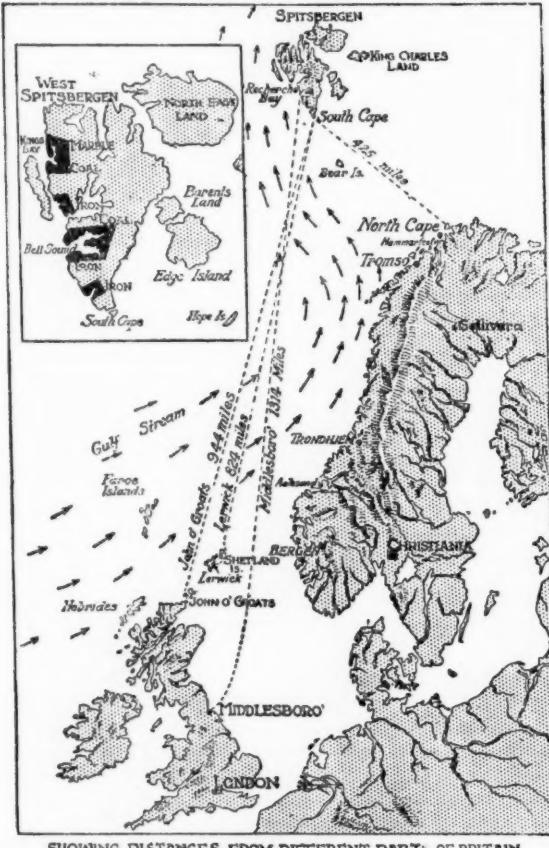
The ordinary general meeting of the Northern Exploration Company, Limited, was held, on the 26th ult., at the Great Eastern Hotel, London, E.C., Mr. Frederick Lewis Davis, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: It has been found impossible to submit full accounts covering the period from January 1st, 1918, to December 31st, 1918, owing to the fact that they have not yet been received from Spitsbergen. Accountants are at present engaged on these out there.

The Northern Exploration Company, Limited, was registered in November, 1910, to take over certain properties in Spitsbergen.

A certain amount of work was carried out at King's Bay, Bell Sound, Lowe Sound, and Recherche Bay. The enormous and beautiful marble deposit at King's Bay was located, and a variety of samples shipped to London for expert criticism. Coal was also discovered and opened out on our properties, and later large iron deposits were discovered in 1913 and 1914 of haematite iron ore and magnetite iron ore in Recherche Bay. Other valuable deposits were found (seventeen rare metals in all), including lead, zinc, graphite, molybdenite, asbestos, and indications of gold; there were also strong indications of the existence of petroleum. Our titles date back

NORTHERN EXPLORATION COMPANY'S AREAS IN DEEP BLACK



to early in 1905, and our records by the original prospectors who discovered these properties and staked them out have been lodged with our Foreign Office, and are recognized and protected by them as this company's legitimately acquired interests.

THE GOVERNMENT AND ENTERPRISE.

I have repeatedly made the statement that all pioneering work or Empire-building that has ever been accomplished by British subjects has been done not with the help of, but in spite of all the opposition of our own Governments, and this statement is absolutely correct as regards our company. In

making this statement, however, I wish to say that in our case I do not include the Foreign Office, as we have had from it the most sympathetic assistance all through.

Some few months after war broke out, I saw Mr. Lloyd George, and told him of the great deposit of iron ore that existed in our properties in Spitsbergen, and asked him if it were not worth while the Government sending two or three of their own engineers to report on these deposits. Mr. Lloyd George said this country was in great need of iron ore, and asked me to send samples to the Ministry of Munitions to be analyzed, when he would instruct that Ministry to go thoroughly into the matter.

After many months' delay, the Ministry of Munitions arranged for a ship to take Government engineers up to Spitsbergen, the minimum cost to be about £14,000, which the Government would pay. I was informed by the Ministry of Munitions that everything was in order, and that they were only waiting written confirmation from the Treasury. Judge of my astonishment a few days later when I was informed by the Ministry of Munitions that the Treasury had turned the whole matter down. The Treasury, for the sake of saving a paltry £14,000, prevented the Government from ascertaining that they had at hand an inexhaustible supply of the richest iron ore in the world!

COAL.

We have now the most abundant evidence of the existence of this mineral, in such quantities and of such quality that if we had to rely on this product alone a great success is absolutely assured. Given electrical coal cutters, conveyors, wire ropeways, and piers, our output of coal need have no practical limit, and when I tell you that the present price of coal ex ship in the northern ports of Norway is £6 to £8 per ton, it appears to me and my co-directors that there is room for the energies of a number of Spitsbergen companies dealing with coal alone.

Considering that Great Britain's share of the world's reserves of coal is only represented by 2.6, we do well to investigate the claims which are being made for Spitsbergen as a new and fruitful source of supply of coal and other minerals, on the possession of which the industrial life of the nation is so completely dependent.

With coal as dear and as scarce as it is in England, it is somewhat exasperating to learn that in Spitsbergen—only four or five days' steaming by tramp steamer from British ports—coal of excellent quality, both bituminous and anthracite, exists in abundance. The working of the coal seam is so simple that coal can be shipped even now at 7s. per ton f.o.b. at Lowe Sound, Spitsbergen, and when electric cutting machinery is installed the cost of production will be still less.

With regard to the strategical value of Spitsbergen, this will be obvious to anyone looking at the map, which gives the distances as follows:—From Middlesbrough, 1,314 miles; from North Cape, Norway, 125 miles. The port of Kola in North Russia is only some 500 miles from Spitsbergen, and the possibilities of British trade in Northern Russia are absolutely unlimited.

FINANCE.

In addition to finding the necessary capital for the expedition, Mr. Salisbury-Jones had many interviews and much correspondence with the Foreign Office, and as a result, Mr. Balfour wrote to the Treasury, Admiralty, Ministry of Shipping, and Ministry of Munitions, stating that he considered it desirable that this company should be enabled to visit and develop its properties in Spitsbergen in order to preserve their rights thereto, which were in danger from neutral competitors who have free access to the Islands, and urging them to give our expedition every facility. He also specially urged the Treasury to grant permission to the company to issue the balance of their capital of £500,000, informing them that he attached political importance to the matter. For reasons which we are quite unable to understand, the Treasury Committee refused sanction to the issue of additional capital until recently. One of the effects of this was to throw difficulties in the way of a settlement and quotation of our new shares on the Stock Exchange. As you know, the nominal capital of the company was increased on May 8th, 1918, to £500,000 in shares of £1 each, all of which have now been issued and taken up.

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR.

I have already referred to the invaluable services rendered by Mr. Salisbury-Jones to the company in 1917 and last year. I think it is only fair and right that you should know that, while the contract with the company called for his taking up only 80,000 shares by October 31st, 1918, the amount altogether placed by him is about 350,000.

A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Salisbury-Jones for his services to the company, and the proceedings then terminated.

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